

The Improvement Era *fiftieth Year*



DECEMBER, 1946

VOLUME 49 NUMBER 12

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

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FLEXY



THRIFTY

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—STEADY FLAME

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—CLEANY FLAME

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Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

TWENTY MILLION copies of forty thousand different editions of books were printed before 1600, the *New York Times* has estimated.

AN aluminum piano plate has been developed which weighs only forty-five pounds compared to the one hundred twenty-five pounds for the conventional steel plate. The plate has to hold the strings tight against a total pull of eighteen tons. The saving in weight will make pianos more easily movable, save wear on carpets and the dispositions of people who have to move the pianos.

AT one time each ancient Roman citizen wore an iron finger ring as a symbol that his ancestors had been free men for at least three generations.

STONE GONGS, made of limestone slabs, have been used in at least one Maya village in Yucatan to call the people. The stones are suspended from a wooden framework. Morris Steggerda reports that each stone of four he saw had a different pitch. When struck together the four formed a chord but not on our musical scale.

ABOUT fifty thousand different species of spiders have been described, it has been estimated by Professor Ralph V. Chamberlain.

PEOPLE who are allergic to soap can look forward to new washing agents recently developed. These chemicals are described as "synthetic detergents occupying an intermediate position between soaps and dyestuffs." A wide range of uses is predicted including bubble baths, to relieve rashes and chafing, to control perspiration and body odors, to kill insects, bacteria, and the fungus that produces "athlete's foot."

UTAH had the lowest death rate from tuberculosis in the United States for the years 1942, 1943, and 1944, with 14.2, 11.2, and 12.0 deaths per 100,000 population respectively. This rate is less than thirty percent of the United States' rate for these three years.

RECENT research by Professor I. S. Bowen has found that iron, magnesium, potassium, and calcium are found in the nebulae, those faint luminous gaseous clouds as far away as the stars. This shows that the chemical composition of the gaseous nebulae does not differ much from that of the sun and stars, a result of great importance in astronomy.

*They go
together!*



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Wafers
by
PURITY

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The Cover

THE most important event to Latter-day Saints is the receiving of the plates from the Angel Moroni by the young man, Joseph Smith, later to become the organizer under divine instruction of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This conception of the event is the work of Torliel Knaphus, whose statue of the Angel Moroni stands on the Hill Cumorah. A convert from Norway, Elder Knaphus has expressed his belief through his statuary.

This photograph of the clay model is the work of Hal Rumel, adapted for cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

★

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DECEMBER 1946

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"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Ward Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

★

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Best Gift

By Elaine V. Emans

NEVER can Christmas
Getting become
So glad a thing
As giving, for some
Of the heart must go
If it be a true
Gift, and the best
Of giving is *you!*

★

Change of Address:

Fifteen days' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please include address slip from a recent issue of the magazine. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new one is included.

Executive and Editorial Offices:

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All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.

Christmas THROUGH THE YEAR

THAT there is no limit to the time for the Christmas spirit is evidenced through the letter which came to one of the General Authorities after he had been prompted to send to the Netherlands a box, the necessity for which is clearly shown in the response to the gift:

Utrecht 1 May 1946
Abrikoosstraat 16

Dear Family:

With great joy we received your gift parcels and express our heart-felt thanks for it. The clothes you sent was very much needed. Our family consists of eight people. We have six boys, the eldest is nine years old, then one of eight, one of seven, one of four, one of three, the youngest is one year and a half. In June we expect a new baby, so you see we need quite a bit of clothing before all are dressed and that is why we are so glad to receive the clothes you sent. It is a lucky thing that when one thing does not fit one boy, it always fits the other. We have hard times back of us, and we are thankful that none of us got lost. We know what it is to go hungry, and the kids had no stockings anymore last winter. But with the help of God we got through somehow. That's why we are so glad to be free again. We never dared hope that our brothers and sisters out West would care for us in such a way. Our country has become very poor now, and we feel it more so with so many

children and not sufficient clothes for them to wear. We soon expect our seventh child, and it is very hard to get things for the coming baby. Sheets and pillow cases are not to be had, not even pins. The show-windows are empty, and inside they always tell the same story, "We have not." That's not very pleasant, but we hope things will get better. We consider it a blessing to receive your clothes and blankets. Beloved family, we don't know you, and you don't know us, but we are of one faith, and the gospel unites us all. We hope to meet you in Zion some day, and we would appreciate it very much to hear from you. Enclosed you will find some family photo's taken when we received your parcels. I will finish now, wishing you God's blessing.

Your brother and sister in the gospel.

* * * * *

CHRISTMAS CANDLE

By Maurine Jacobs

FLICKERING, dimly reaching
Its lengthened likeness
On the frosty air,
The Christmas candle,
A vivid finger,
Resembling vaguely
Judea's star of peace.
Points grimly, blindly hoping
That its weak light
May kindle once again
The flame of peace on earth
Good will to men!

The six little boys with their father and mother looking at the box which brought much-needed clothing and returned to the donors much gratitude and love.



Come, take a pleasure trip

this Christmas. Your journey will be comfortable, for wartime travel hardships are a thing of the past with Western Pacific.

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Christmas at OASIS RANCH

By
Elizabeth Cannon Porter



"I HARDLY knew the place," exclaimed Belle as she helped her mother wrap Christmas bundles the afternoon of December 23.

"Yes, Frank has been fixing it up ever since he came home from the army, late last winter. Started right in oiling the machinery in the sheds; hauled manure; then wanted to paint everything," explained her mother.

"Trimming this gray cement house with red to match the barns was a bold idea, but it looks bright against the snow," conceded the Bent's eldest daughter, who had motored down from Idaho with her family to take part in the holiday reunion.

"When Frank went out early this morning, he remarked that it looked like a white Christmas. The only tracks on the snow were a circle where a dog had chased a rabbit, says that the blue, icy mountains around the Salt Lake valley, —the Wasatch range to the east, the Oquirrhos on the west—remind him of the German 'ring of steel.'"

"He brought home some funny ideas."

"Wait till you hear the rest of it. He said that when he was in combat, he would think of all the work he had to do at home and claimed that it kept him from being wounded!"

"Ann says that he maintains we're all rich."

"Yes, he thinks it's wonderful to own a home with land around it; we're like feudal barons of England. Being in free America is wonderful. To have a large family to work it, is marvelous. He planted that field that your father let lie fallow. He says that our soil is rich, productive—not like the poor wornout soil of France. He raves over the bathroom and the hot water; says that all Europe is short on plumbing."

"Sounds to me like he has delusions of grandeur," snorted Belle.

"Sometimes one has to go away to get a fresh point of view. Frank says in this turmoil he is glad we belong to a Church that has modern revelation so it will direct us what to do."

"Let's see—these sewing kits and kitchen utensils are for the older girls, the dump trucks for the little boys? My, what a lot!"

"There are sixty presents," replied

her mother complacently. "Something for everyone."

"Where did he get them?"

"Mostly at the five and ten cent store," she giggled.

"Father killed a pig, and the girls have popped corn for a week. Of course we had apples and fruitcake, and I've made twenty pies. Frank personally selected the tree. Isn't it a beauty? Then, Aunt Myra, the wealthiest member of the family, sent word that she wasn't exchanging gifts this year."

"Why?" Belle shook a rattle.

"Her excuse was that things are scarce and high priced, but she really thinks it *swanky*—some new movement."

"Myra is fashionable."

"Well, Frank said gift-giving at Christmas had been going on quite a long time, ever since the magi greeted the Savior with the treasures of the East, and he didn't see that it was Myra's place to stop it. It made him so mad that he went right into town and bought something for everyone, even Myra. He claims that the holidays brighten up a dull winter season."

"What is he giving you, Mother?"

"A blue suit. I received mine ahead of time, as it had to be fitted."

"Why blue?"

"He selected it, claiming it matched my eyes and set off my white hair. He bought your father a tweed overcoat, says he is a fine figure of a man. This is for your sister." Mrs. Bent opened a velvet case and displayed an antique brooch.

While her daughter exclaimed over its beauty, she explained, "He brought it from France. It's some old family heirloom. He said that it cost him a lot of G.I. soap. Do you know," she added slowly, "I have an idea that he had Gladys in mind when he traded for it."

"How did he take her marrying while he was gone?"

"Quite philosophically. Said that if a girl didn't think enough of a fiancé to wait for him while he was away at war, she wasn't worth marrying. Glad he found her out in time!"

"We worried so about her jilting him."

"Sometimes I think that what we deem a calamity, really turns out to be a benefit. Look how Frank has fixed up the place. How beautiful it will be for the centennial!"

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

These •— Times

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

Director of the Institute of Government,
University of Utah

THE Christian era, according to Luke, "was ushered in with angelic music of 'peace on earth.'"

Many have overlooked the fact that Jesus was born into a world that knew relative peace—the *pax Romana*, which was to maintain one supreme system of law and administration for approximately two centuries. Although upheld by force, (which was often used to suppress local uprisings, as in Jerusalem around 70 A.D.), the *pax Romana* provided unequalled environment for the spread of the Christian message. All roads led to Rome. Paul and others saw to it that Rome heard the message. It is one of the astounding facts of history, an evidence of Christ's divinity, that despite pagan influence and corruption, the remnant-doctrines of the Nazarene "colonial" won acceptance as the state religion within three centuries time.

THE nineteenth century, in certain respects, reproduced for a gospel restoration, conditions similar to those obtaining at Christ's birth. Freedom of movement for goods and people prevailed over much of the earth's surface. Only Russia and Turkey in the west required passports. China in 1842, and Japan in 1854, were opened to the west. A kind of *pax Britannica*, maintained by a sea power somewhat gentler than Roman garrisons, helped support these conditions on a world scale, assisted by the Monroe Doctrine in the western hemisphere.

INTO this nineteenth century world came Joseph Smith. Observers said: "A new religion has been born on the breastwork of the American frontier." Believers said: "Christ's message, with the power to establish a kingdom of God on earth, has been re-established." Now it is the twentieth century. What portends as another Christmas season rolls around?

As Joseph Smith laid plans for a new Zion, more glorious than any *pax Romana*, Karl Marx an atheistic grandson of a German rabbi, was laying the foundations for a "salvation" based on scientific materialism and economic determinism. As the Council of the Twelve, April 6, 1845, issued its "Proclamation to the Kings and Rulers of the (Concluded on page 819)

A happy ending to a Happy Christmas Dinner



Mary Lee Taylor's
fail-proof recipe for
Pumpkin Pie

WHAT a happy climax to a holiday feast! Pumpkin Pie as golden-yellow as a harvest moon—creamy smooth in texture — and with a flavor that's a perfect blend of pumpkin and spice. You're sure to have a pie that will do you proud when you use Mary Lee Taylor's famous recipe.

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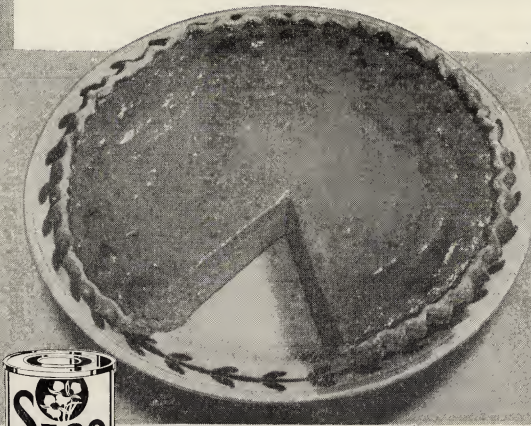
So Inexpensive to Make

No cream, no butter, and only one egg in this delicious Pumpkin Pie! You can save some of these expensive ingredients when you use Segó Milk and Mary Lee Taylor's tested recipe. And the result? A better pie for less money.

- 1/2 cup light brown SUGAR
- 2 teaspoons FLOUR
- 1/3 teaspoon SALT
- 3/4 teaspoon CINNAMON
- 1/4 teaspoon NUTMEG
- 1/3 teaspoon GINGER
- 1/8 teaspoon CLOVES
- 1 cup cooked or canned PUMPKIN
- 1 cup SEGO MILK
- 1 slightly beaten EGG YOLK
- 4 teaspoons dark MOLASSES

Turn on oven; set at very hot (450° F.). Mix together brown sugar, flour, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and cloves. Add pumpkin, milk, beaten egg yolk and molasses. Stir until smooth. Pour into deep 7-inch pie pan lined with unbaked pastry. Bake 15 minutes, then reduce heat to slow (325° F.) and bake 25 minutes or until firm.

Note: 1 1/2 teaspoons ground allspice or prepared pumpkin pie spice can replace cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and cloves.



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An All-Year Remembrance

The CHRISTMAS SEALS

By WALTER K. PUTNEY



THERE were a dozen clerks in the post office, at Copenhagen, Denmark, who felt just as Ejnar Holboell did—that people wrote too many letters at Christmas time. The office was flooded with mail, and everybody worked with frantic haste, so that the carriers could deliver the mail by Christmas. One clerk remarked that there should be a law against such wasteful writing, but Ejnar Holboell had another idea. Why not put an extra charge on Christmas letters—a kind of tax, so that the government could use the money to hire more clerks and make the work easier for everybody?

Ejnar Holboell kept thinking of that idea all through that busy week in 1903. Objections to a tax came into his mind—people would protest and make it disagreeable, or they might stop writing letters, and this would disappoint many who derived a lot of pleasure from hearing from friends and relatives. Then another idea came to him. Why not put on a tax, but use the money for some good purpose? Gifts or food could be purchased for the poor. In this way, people would not object to that extra levy. Such a tax would also be voluntary and not required of anyone who did not wish to pay.

Such was his conviction that such a scheme would work that Ejnar Holboell took the matter up with his superiors at the post office. They were heartily in accord with the scheme and told him to work it out, in writing, so that it could be placed before the general postmaster. The result was that it came to the attention of King Christian IX, who fully approved giving it a trial.

In November 1904, three million Christmas stamps were sold. They bore the portrait of the late Queen Louise, and had a background of roses. They were very attractive, and the original issue was sold out in less than two weeks.

More than six million stamps were sold that year—1904—and the money was used to help the poor of Denmark, especially those who needed but could not afford medical attention.

In 1905, a committee of citizens supervised the sale of Christmas stamps and raised enough money to purchase land and build a sanitarium for tubercular children, near Kolding Fjord. It had accommodations for one hundred. Within five years, two more buildings were erected. New hospitals and fields of service were opened and, by 1910, enough money was raised so that some

was sent to foreign countries for helping children.

Sweden took up the sale of Christmas stamps in 1905, and more than eight million were demanded. Other European nations followed in 1906; and, in 1907, the first stamps were printed and sold in the United States. In connection with the introduction of Christmas stamps in the United States, it is interesting to learn that our participation came about because of an article that appeared in one of our national magazines. It was written by Jacob Riis, a famous lecturer and writer, who was a native of Denmark. He had received some of the stamps, in 1906, on letters that he received from his native country and was so impressed, that he wrote to a friend in Denmark, to learn why such stamps were pasted on the back of his letters. The article he wrote came to the attention of Miss Emily P. Bissell, of Wilmington, Delaware, who was then interested in raising a large sum of money so that the children of her state could have a tuberculosis hospital. She went to the Red Cross for help, and it was that organization that undertook a nationwide campaign for the benefit of children suffering from tuberculosis. Miss Bissell had already proved that sales of stamps could be successful because, there in Delaware, she had sold \$3,000 worth of stamps which she had printed for her own purpose.

The next year, 1908, saw the first nationwide sale, sponsored by the Red Cross, net a total of \$135,000, and each year the sum realized mounted. In 1920, a cooperative agency, called the National Tuberculosis Association, took up the work with increasing volume of stamps sold. Today there are nearly eight hundred sanitariums in this country that have been founded and mostly supported by sales of these stamps.

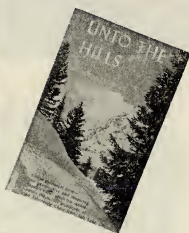
At first, each year saw a different design on the stamps. When the association took charge of the campaign for stamp sales, a standard design was adopted—the double-barred cross which is the insignia of the association. One other change was made—the introduction of the word "seal" so that they became known as Christmas seals.

In 1927, Ejnar Holboell, originator of the idea, died, and that year the stamps bore his portrait, to eulogize the man who had so unselfishly given his time and energy to make this movement such a great success. He took no pay for his work, and his only reward was that of being made postmaster of a suburb of Copenhagen, named Charlottenlund.

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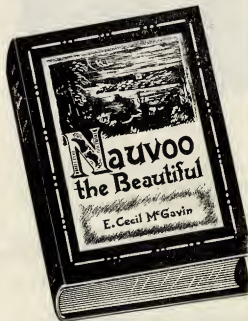
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THEIR NAMES LED ALL THE REST!

By Molly Adams

MILLIE was making out her Christmas list of people to whom she would be sending Christmas cards.

"Rosabelle, Mary Lou, Gladys—No, not Gladys." She smudged the name out with the pencil eraser.

"Harold, Geraldine, Bobby, Marjorie—"

Again the rubber end of her pencil went into action.

"Why not Marjorie?" asked Mother. "Oh, we don't speak. She said I was frowzy."

Mother smiled as she surveyed the mop of sunshiny hair that was flying to the four winds.

"Perhaps she was right," she remarked.

"Perhaps she was," replied Millie, writing and smudging out names. "But she can't tell me so!"

Mother let her sewing rest in her lap as she spoke quietly to the absorbed Millie.

"It seems to me," she said, "that Christmas is a time when messages of peace and good will should be sent to people we don't like as well as to people we do. So many times we carry ill-feeling toward another person just because the other person seems to dislike us; whereas the truth is that each wishes the other would give 'way, smile a bit, show that the old grievance has been forgotten."

"You really like Marjorie. You miss her friendship. But you are too proud to admit that perhaps you were in the wrong. So you keep feeding the flames of dislike, blowing the fire brighter."

"Now it is Christmas. You won't have to say in so many words, 'I'm sorry. Let's be friends again,' but by sending a nice card, and signing your name, Marjorie will know all is forgiven."

Mother resumed her sewing.

"I think if I were you, I'd use that eraser not to rub out names of onetime friends with whom you have had some disagreement, but to rub out all memory of that quarrel which now you can probably scarcely remember."

She smiled. "Some of the loveliest friends I have, Millie, were won back by a Christmas card. No matter how much I've been hurt or slighted, no matter what quick words of anger may have been said to me during the year, at Christmas I try to remember whom I might cross off my list, and send a better-than-usual card to her. Its message

(Concluded on page 796)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

—Photograph
Carew
from
Monkmeyer

With
a
Globe
of

The World



We give you the world,
Our little daughter;
Pink is the land,
And blue, the water.

We give you the world;
It is in your keeping;
You will find in it joy;
You will find in it weeping.

By
Dorothy J.
Sartori



Nothing a little Fels-Naptha won't cure

Last night it was just a happy bedtime story—
Santa Claus and The Chimney.
This morning, well . . . !

But where there are active youngsters there will
be "accidents". And wherever there's Fels-Naptha
Soap, dirt is a minor problem.

For thorough, easy washing, this good, mild soap
—fortified with gentle naphtha—just can't be
beat. Mothers use it more and more to keep
baby things sweet and fresh and *white*.

It isn't always easy to find
Fels-Naptha now, but most
women say it's worth
hunting for.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

BRIGHAM YOUNG and the Pioneers

DECEMBER 1846

"I EXHORTED the high council to faithfulness in their duties, . . . for it would not do for this people to go into the wilderness and forget their God. Remarked, that if I had been intent on getting riches I never should have had the knowledge God has bestowed upon me, some one else would have stood in my place."—December 13, 1846.

"I have told those who expected to journey with us that they should help the poor whether they belonged to the Church or not; and said, if the Saints would reform and act upon the knowledge revealed to them, floodgates of knowledge would be opened to them and they would be filled with light and intelligence, but if they did not the gates of knowledge were closed against them and would remain so."—December 20, 1846.

President Brigham Young desired the Twelve Apostles, the high council, and the twenty-two bishops at Winter Quarters should each bring a log twenty-five feet long that they might build a council house near his house.

—December 13, 1846.

President Brigham Young desired the bishops to report the organizations of their wards, their business, number of men, women, and children, how many sick, tithing paid, etc., with their totals, that their reports could be seen at a glance. There are twenty-two bishops here [Winter Quarters] their reports should all be read in forty-four minutes.—December 15, 1846.

President Young reported that the lower story of the flouring mill was completed, George A. Smith had been putting dirt on the roof of his house, Orson Pratt was studying the polarization of light, Heber C. Kimball had built thirteen cabins with the help of those living with him and had also built about as many more by hired help.

—December 19, 1846.

It was thirty minutes past two p.m. when Brigham Young met in council in Elder H. C. Kimball's house with Elders Kimball, Orson Pratt, Willard Richards, Amasa M. Lyman, George A. Smith, Newel K. Whitney, Peter Haws, Albert P. Rockwood, Ezra T. Benson, Joseph Young, George D. Grant, and they were shortly joined by Elders Wilford Woodruff and P. H. Young.

INVENTORY

of Our Blessings and Opportunities

By PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

I AM reminded of a conversation with a gentleman who was not a member of the Church.

He was a judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon (and, by the way, nominated one of the Vice Presidents of the United States, who later became President of the United States). He had been among our people, had come to know a number of them, and he and I became quite well acquainted. We were riding together in an automobile from Nashville, Tennessee, out to the old Jackson Hermitage, and he surprised me by turning in the car and saying:

"I wonder if you appreciate the richness of your life?"

I said, "I think I do."

He said, "I wonder if you do."

"Well," I said, "just what do you have in your mind?"

"Why," he said, "to have been reared as you were in a home where they believed in God, and where they had family prayers, where they were familiar with the Bible, and where they did not partake of food without thanking the Lord for it.

"Furthermore, wherever you go everybody knows you are a member of the 'Mormon' Church, and this does not seem to be any disadvantage to you; in fact, they seem to want to do more for you because of it. Here in this great convention you are the only member of your Church; everybody knows who you are. And you can't get off the train in any large city in the United States in which you do not have a friend who would meet you, if he knew you were coming."

He continued: "Think of it; think of your forebears and of the lineage of the blood that is in your veins."

Then he climaxed it all when he said: "And your sublime faith. I wonder if you appreciate it."

I have thought of this many times. With all that God gives to us, do we appreciate it?

It is marvelous to me, when I think of my own experience as a child. We were reared in a very ordinary home, as far as the things of this world were concerned. Father and Mother spent all

their available time to keep us children fed and clothed and in school. Yet, all along the line, for some reason or another, we enjoyed the richness of earth.

No millionaire has ever enjoyed his life more than I have mine. I have not been possessed of very much wealth or property, but always enough. And I want to tell you that I have been grateful for food, for every mouthful that I have partaken of, and for the privileges of my home, for having had the companionship of a lovely wife, and for parenthood, for having children born to me to nurture and teach and care for—all these things have been rich to me. And morning and evening it has been a joy to kneel in the presence of my Maker and thank him for his blessings.

It is not the things we have that make us happy. It is what we feel. This was illustrated to me one day by an earnest brother who came from Holland. He could not speak English. I helped him get a modest position and a place where he could live, with a small garden, in the ward in which I lived. He used to come to fast meetings and hear the brethren and sisters bear their testimonies in English, although he could not understand what was being said. Then, to return the compliment, he and his wife would get up and bear their testimonies in Dutch, which we could not understand. One day after fast meeting I tried to say to him, with the aid of many motions: "Brother Folkers, why do you come to an English-speaking meeting when you cannot understand what is said?" At length it dawned on him what I was trying to say. "*Ik versta*," I think he said, to let me know he understood. Then he did this: he touched his eye and he said, "It is not what you see"; and he touched his ear and said: "It is not what you hear, but what you feel that makes you happy."

I have thought of this a good many times. It is what we feel, and the more we feel, under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, the happier we are. And at this season, as children of our Father in heaven, blessed above the world, many, many times over, possessed of opportunities and privileges that the world knows nothing about,

(Concluded on page 828)

The Editor's Page



GEORGE ALBERT SMITH
About the time of his marriage

As I write this article, I have before me a small record book, bound in red leather, which contains the first diary ever kept by the beloved President of the Church, George Albert Smith. The opening page reveals that the diary was begun on May 21, 1890, one month and seventeen days past his twentieth birthday.

In 1890, George Albert, as he was familiarly known to his relatives and friends, lived with his parents and brothers and sisters at the family home on West Temple Street, directly west of Temple Square. His father, John Henry Smith, was, at the time, one of the leading men of the Church and the Territory. He was a member of the Council of the Twelve, and a few years previously had presided over the European Mission. He had taken an active part in politics and had been a member of both the city council and the territorial legislature. He was known as a substantial, dependable man, a man of great force of character, a pillar of strength in the community. In addition to his own personal accomplishments, John Henry Smith was distinguished by being the son of a great father, President George A. Smith, one-time counselor to President Brigham Young, and a

President GEORGE

By PRESTON NIBLEY

member of the original band of Pioneers that came to Utah in July 1847.

George Albert Smith's mother was Sarah Farr, daughter of Lorin Farr, a pioneer of Weber County and one of the most prominent men of northern Utah. Sarah Farr Smith possessed all the beautiful attributes that a mother could have; she was kind, considerate, loving, tender, and true. This writer remembers her well and has enjoyed the hospitality of her home.

Thus George Albert Smith was born in a distinguished family and was given a name which it was an honor to bear. He has added laurels to that name.

In reading this little diary, I was impressed with the fact that the boy possessed the same characteristics that now distinguish the man. His character appears to have been formed at that early age. He was friendly, kind, considerate, energetic, loyal to his Church and to its principles, determined to do only what was right and just in the eyes of God and man; to work out his salvation and preserve himself unblemished from the world. From his earliest youth, his life appears to have gone forward in a straight line, without deviation to the right or to the left. What an example to all of us as we strive to make our way through this complex and troubled world!

ONE prominent attribute that the young man possessed was his independence of character, a desire to make his own way through life and take care of himself. Thus at nineteen years of age we find him leaving school and preparing to launch out on a business career. He at once obtained employment with Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution and became a salesman for that firm, journeying through the towns and villages of southern Utah.

As the diary begins, we note that it is the account of the second trip over the route. A previous journey had been made of which we have no record. George Albert's companion on this second journey is known to us only as "Jim."

And now to our story. The first entry is dated Salt Lake City, May 21, 1890.

Started today on a trip to Panaca. [Nevada]. Was delayed three hours on account of a disabled wagon. Left Salt Lake at 12:15 p.m. and arrived at American Fork at seven o'clock, both horses lame. Met five Z.C.M.I. men in one hotel. Spent the evening at the hotel visiting and practising on guitar while Jim played the flute.

The town of Panaca is a small "Mormon" community of about three hundred people, located now in

SALT LAKE CITY ABOUT THE TIME GEORGE ALBERT SMITH WAS SALESMAN FOR Z.C.M.I.
(Note the unpaved streets and trees along Main Street.)



ALBERT SMITH

as Salesman

Lincoln County, Nevada, ninety miles northwest of St. George. Fifty-six years ago it was much more primitive; an outpost of the "Mormon" settlements.

Panaca was the objective of the two salesmen, and they intended to cover all the towns between Salt Lake City and that place. George Albert was taking orders for groceries and Jim for shoes. Their transportation was a covered wagon pulled by a team of horses, none too fast on their feet and inclined to become lame. In the wagon were the personal effects of the two men, their bedding, and a complete camping outfit in case they were stalled overnight far from some habitation. They also brought along their musical instruments. George Albert played the guitar and harmonica, and Jim, the flute. Brother George also carried a set of Indian clubs and dumbbells to keep his muscles trim and perhaps to give an exhibition or two to the residents of the outlying villages.

And so the two salesmen set forth on their journey. Their first stop was American Fork, where they arrived, after seven hours of travel, with a lame team. They averaged a little better than four miles an hour.

BETWEEN Salt Lake City and American Fork, Jim, the elder of the two men, confided to George Albert that he had brought along a jug of whiskey with which to treat his customers. This news did not set well with George Albert; he was the son of an apostle and the grandson of an apostle; he had been brought up in a home where the Word of Wisdom had been scrupulously observed. "No, that will not do at all," he thought, "somewhere, somehow I must contrive to get rid of that whiskey." The opportunity came to him a few nights later in Provo. While Jim was away from the wagon, George Albert located the jug and gave it to a friend with instructions to pour out the whiskey and refill the jug with water. The friend

complied, and in a few minutes the jug, filled with ill-smelling sulphur water from a flowing well, was back in its place in the wagon. It was a day or two before Jim found out about this magic change of whiskey into water, as we shall see later in this story. Meantime, here is the second day's entry.

May 22: Sold five bills of goods in American Fork and left for Pleasant Grove. Sold two bills there and got to Provo before eight o'clock. Horses still lame, but not so bad. Called and took supper with grandma. Grace has a fine boy, born on Sunday last. Jim not in yet. Other boys downstairs smoking and playing cards. I feel very tired from the effects of hard work. Weather is all that can be asked. The country is the most beautiful that I have ever seen. It is a perfect garden. Provo is building a street railway. Met a number of my old friends from whom I received a hearty welcome.

A few words of explanation of the above paragraph. Grandma, of whom George Albert speaks, and with whom he took supper, was his father's foster mother, Hannah Maria Libbey Smith, wife of President George A. Smith.

The third entry is made in Provo and dated May 23rd.

Arose at 6:30. Exercised with dumbbells about thirty minutes, and Indian clubs the same. Had team hitched up to go to Springville but changed my mind and took the train. Sold two bills in Springville and got back to Provo again at six o'clock. After supper helped the West Co-op move goods until nearly twelve o'clock. The rest of the boys are not in yet. Wrote to mother and Lucy today.

Lucy was the sweetheart that George Albert had left in Salt Lake City—Lucy Emily Woodruff, eldest daughter of Wilford Woodruff, Jr., and Emily Jane Smith. Lucy was fifteen months older than George Albert, and at the time he was making this trip south, she was employed in the county surveyor's office. She has been described by one who knew her at the time as "a charming young woman with a smile that any girl might envy."



LUCY EMILY WOODRUFF SMITH
At about eighteen years of age

ON May 24th the salesmen continued their journey southward.

Sold Provo West Co-op early in the morning. Went to Springville for dinner; sold two bills. After dinner went to Spanish Fork. Sold one bill and got to Payson in time to sell two bills. Am feeling first rate. The weather is quite warm. Jim is a little homesick. Somebody has borrowed our whip.

And then the following under date of Sunday, May 25th, while still at Payson.

This morning is very pleasant. The locust trees in front of the house throw off a very sweet perfume. Went to Sunday School. Was called to address the theological class, as was also Jim. I attended meeting this afternoon. I wrote to Lucy. Mailed all of my orders that I have written. Have thought a number of times that I would like to be home today. Have read considerable in the book *The Prince of the House of David*. Was amused at Jim when he found that somebody had taken his whiskey and filled his demijohn with water.

So the secret was out. Recently, while in conversation with President Smith, I reminded him of this incident which occurred fifty-six years ago. He readily remembered it. After a hearty laugh he said, "Yes, I remember that Jim was pretty sore when he found that his whiskey was gone."

On the morning of the 26th, the travelers left for Nephi.

Left Payson for Nephi at four-thirty a.m. Arrived at Nephi at nine-thirty. Shipped five hundred pounds of oats to Milford. Cost \$2.10 per cwt. The heat is very oppressive and the roads very dusty. Bridges reported washed out farther down. My tie pin captures the people. Had my head shingled close. Sold a fine bill here. Ex-

(Continued on page 829)

JOSEPH SMITH

By President Levi Edgar Young

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

JOSEPH SMITH was a rare character in history, a man all too little known in the outside world, and I sometimes think, too little understood by Latter-day Saints. A transcendent soul who walked and talked with God, it is he who, in this darkened world, gives us the law of conscience, the moral law, the law of God. In this chaotic world, this world of sorrow with its loss of a belief in a Living God, where are we to look for divine authority, for principles, for standards? It seems as if the creeds are likely to play no creative part in the present chapter of human relationships. It was our own American scholar, Ralph Waldo Emerson who wrote:

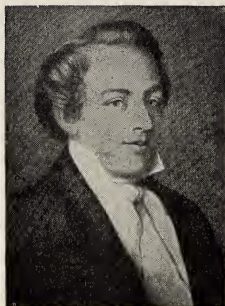
The spirit that dwelt in the church has glided away, and they who come to the old shrines feel a spiritual exhaustion.

Victor Hugo in his life of Shakespeare says that:

Every epoch is condensed in a man as all light is condensed into a flame, and for a great idea to take hold of the human mind, you must consider where the power lies.

I wish to apply this thought to the rise and growth of "Mormonism," for in the past century, noble minds have been at work developing its great message upon earth. It began with a man of power who marked the period of stagnation in religion, and inaugurated a future for humanity to follow if the world is to be saved. The enlargement of the human mind is taking place as the result of the man and the light which he had from God. Joseph Smith gave us the enlightened thought that the soul of man is divine and can be one with God, pure and enduring. What the world needs most of all—and to the end—is God, not God in the heavens and in the past alone, but God here, and ready by the man whom he hath ordained to repeat and enlarge the work recorded in Genesis, and promised in the New Testament.

We do well to keep before us the



JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET

learning of other days, of God's dealings with his children from the beginning of human history. Recent years have witnessed so great an increase of knowledge that it would be strange if religious truth alone were excluded from that learning. Divine truths must be adapted to the present-day problems. The innate moral sense of man must find new bearings.

Joseph Smith ushered in a new historic era. Man is given a power now to ascend to the zenith of civilization. The soul of man is to deal direct with God. It is to be childlike in its attitude toward the divine, but it is to be searchingly honest with itself and seek the great and only way as Jesus our Redeemer taught. By this we are to place ourselves on a higher plane of vision by striving to see things from a loftier and more divine viewpoint. We may sometimes be in error, because we are finite, but the nearest approach we can make to the pure "white light of truth" is to raise our thoughts as closely as we can to those of God and his eternal truths. This noble teaching is sustained by the words of the Prophet.

The Spirit of truth is of God. I am the Spirit of truth, and John bore record of me,

saying: He received a fulness of truth, yea, even of all truth; . . . He that keepeth his commandments receiveth truth and light, until he is glorified in truth and knoweth all things. . . . The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth. (D. & C. 93:26, 28, 36.)

LARGE problems of life are to be solved and solved right. This does not mean that all men shall think alike. Men differ, must differ, but that does not affect the momentous principles of religion, for they are of God.

For thus saith the Lord—I, the Lord, am merciful and gracious unto those who fear me, and delight to honor those who serve me in righteousness and in truth unto the end. . . . And their wisdom shall be great, and their understanding reach to heaven. (D. & C. 76:5, 9.)

The only way a student can arrive at a valuable judgment of a man's work in philosophy or science or religion is by reading the man's own words as he has written them himself. When we want to know what the Mohammedans believe, we read the *Koran*. If we wish to know the message of Paul the apostle of old, we read his epistles, and the Acts of the Apostles. If we wish to enter into the sublime truths as written by Shakespeare, we read the plays of the great English dramatist. So if the world wishes the truths as taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith, they must read his contribution on religion as given in the Doctrine and Covenants and in the remarkable translation he made of the American scriptures known as the Book of Mormon. And here we repeat what was said before:

Every epoch is condensed in a man as all light is condensed into a flame, and for a great idea to take hold of the human mind, you must consider where the power lies.

Let us consider for a moment what the Prophet said about learning and books. Seldom can one read a sentence that expresses a more thoughtful ideal than the one the Prophet Joseph Smith gave us when he wrote:

(Continued on page 827)

The MENACE of

By J. Maurice Trimmer

MODERATION

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publication and author.

J. Maurice Trimmer is pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in Huntington, West Virginia. During 1937-39, while pastor of the Salem Baptist Church, Salem, Virginia, Mr. Trimmer served as chaplain of a veterans' psychopathic hospital in near-by Roanoke. Mr. Trimmer has devoted considerable study to the problem of alcohol.

SOME men should not drink. The Seagram Distillers Corporation says so. It said so in an expensive series of advertisements which followed the motion picture *The Lost Weekend* across the country. It says so occasionally in its continuous program of advertising, for which it spends \$7,000,000 a year. "Ever since repeal in 1934, the house of Seagram has exerted all its influence to further the cause of moderation in drinking," said one of its ads. All its influence? Hardly. Most of its influence goes to describing liquor in the most glowing terms, in the interest of cultivating thirst and recruiting new customers. Moderation is only the hook on the line—such an effective hook that it is one of the most efficient producers of addiction and hopeless alcoholism.

Moderation in drinking is called "temperance." That is an Aristotelian but not a Christian virtue. Aristotle based his ethical teaching on the "golden mean." Thus he held that thrift is the mean between miserliness and prodigality, courtesy the mean between flattery and contempt, courage the mean between boasting and servility. He sought to elevate "moderation in all things" into a moral principle which would be a safe guide to conduct in all circumstances. But the Hebrew-Christian view is different. Adultery is wrong, whether committed "reasonably and with restraint" or otherwise. To approve of killing, stealing, and lying in moderation would be a gross distortion of Christian moral standards. It is total abstinence that is demanded, and there are sound reasons for insisting that total abstinence is the only practice that fulfils the requirements of Christian morality with reference to intoxicating beverages. In this connection, it is important to note that nearly all the modern translations of the New Testament substitute "self-con-

trol" for the word which is translated "temperance" in the King James Version.

The doctrine of moderation is a menace because it is primarily the patronage of the so-called moderate drinkers that enables the liquor traffic to flourish and to exert its powerful and pernicious influence on personal and national life. In the promotion of the liquor traffic, producer and consumer are equally responsible. In his recent article on "Liquor" in *Life* magazine, Francis Sill Wickware writes:

There are an estimated 50,000,000 users of alcohol in this country, of whom 46,000,000 are purely "social drinkers" and no problem.

He says there are about 3,000,000 excessive drinkers and about 750,000 alcoholic addicts. The claim that the 46,000,000 moderate drinkers constitute no problem must be vigorously challenged. There would be no addicts if there were no moderate drinkers. The drink evil, with its notorious contribution to crime, immorality, poverty, disease, political corruption, divorce, and wrecked character, is created and financed by them. Because they furnish through their patronage a major part of the enormous income by which the liquor traffic is maintained, moderate drinkers are definitely a part of the problem rather than a part of the answer.

DRINKING AND EFFICIENCY

CONSIDER several specific ways in which moderate indulgence in intoxicants is a menace. First, it is an established fact that moderate drinking reduces mental and physical efficiency to such a degree that it can be not only harmful but also disastrous. In his *Life* article Mr. Wickware declares, "Modern research gives alcohol a clean physiological bill of health." He claims that the traditional teachings of the dries to the effect that the drinker is likely to develop various diseases have no foundation in fact, according to two medical authorities whom he names. He does not labor the fact that this is a highly controversial question on which medical men disagree. Was this because *Life* receives so large a share of its income from liquor advertisements? There are many other eminent physicians who will insist on the basis of their observation and experience that the traditional



teachings of the dries on the subject have a substantial foundation in fact.

And many pastors will agree with them. Each year American life insurance companies reject approximately 100,000 applicants because of physical disabilities developed through alcoholic indulgence. Why? Unquestionably because thousands of drinkers have suffered extremely injurious physical effects, and many have died, as a result of alcohol. Whatever their opinion as to its effects on the body, medical men are unanimously agreed that moderate drinking impairs the judgment, blunts the critical sense, and reduces the capacity to react and coordinate properly. The faulty functioning of essential faculties is apparent long before the state of intoxication is reached. But, while a drinker's competence diminishes, his confidence increases immeasurably under the influence of a few drinks. Moderate indulgence produces that expansive mood known as "euphoria" in which the drinker's self-esteem and self-assurance are considerably inflated. His certainty that he is capable of superb performance, with the resultant inclination to drive recklessly and at high speeds, is the principal reason why the moderate drinker is such a menace as a motorist on the highway. It is not primarily the drunken driver but the drinking driver who is responsible for the numerous and serious accidents.

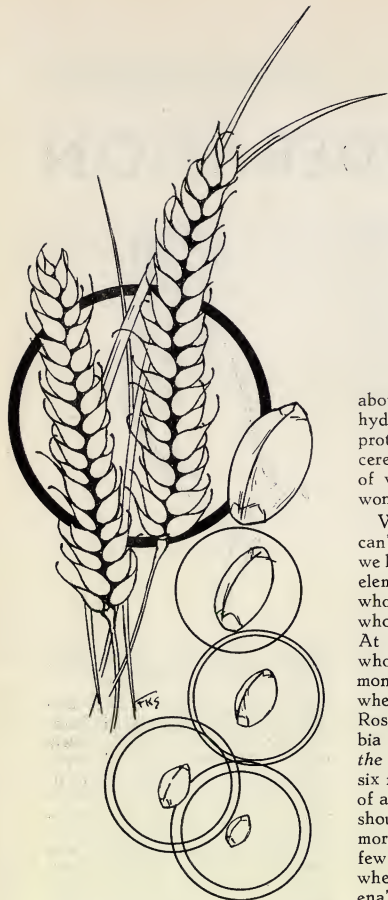
(Continued on page 825)

The STAFF of LIFE

THE LORD SAYS: "ALL GRAIN IS ORDAINED FOR THE USE OF MAN AND OF BEASTS, TO BE THE STAFF OF LIFE. . . . NEVERTHELESS, WHEAT FOR MAN."

(D. & C. 89:14, 17.)

By ELIZABETH FETZER BATES



IF we should stumble through the rocky road of disease, might the grain we have eaten to make the "staff," crumble when we need its support most?

It seems obvious that when the Lord said grain was to be the staff of life, he meant the grain just as he had prepared it for us. If we paid an orchestra fifty dollars to play for us for an hour, we would not be satisfied just to hear the drums—with perhaps an occasional note from the violins and a small blast from the wind instruments. Yet we pay companies to throw away the vitamins in wheat (comparable to the strings) and the minerals (comparable to the wind instruments) and are happy

about getting only the center carbohydrates and a small amount of proteins in white flour and some cereals. This staff is a mere shadow of what was intended for us. No wonder we falter on the way of life.

We even go about saying, "I can't eat whole wheat," just because we have heard that it has a roughage element. Tiny babies can handle whole wheat gruel made by stirring whole wheat flour into boiling water. At six months a baby can handle whole wheat Germade, and at nine months, cracked wheat and whole wheat toast. Mary Davies Swartz Rose of Teacher's College, Columbia University, in her book *Feeding the Family* states: "At the age of six months, one to two teaspoonfuls of a cereal mush thoroughly cooked should be given before one of the morning feedings. . . . After the first few weeks of cereal feeding a whole wheat preparation such as Wheatena" may be combined with the cereal or Pablum "or some whole wheat flour may be used in the same way, increasing the iron supply of the diet" as well as adding much needed vitamin B. I am not denying that it is possible so to untrain one's stomach, and so to injure it that it cannot readily handle what the Lord said was the staff of life.

If these conditions exist, a consistent attempt should be made to add small amounts to the diet, until the normal amount can be digested.

The Lord says:

Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation. (D. & C. 89:4.)

It is plain from the language in the

revelation that he did not refer only to liquor and tobacco.

Why not use the entire wheat berry as the Lord made it, ground fine for wholesome food? The body must have roughage for bowel health—hence the entire wheat berry is needed.

WE do know something about nutrition, but I am sure there are a great many factors about which we know nothing. Particularly am I sure that there is considerable in correct proportion and combination which makes food assimilable to the human body, and these are not now even contemplated by our "wise men." There are a few doctors who admit that plain old-fashioned whole cod-liver oil is the best form in which to get extra vitamin D; that when it is concentrated and processed, something is lost. What is it? Why is it? Digestion is mainly a chemical process. In chemical reactions very often there is present a catalyst, which is necessary to make the reaction complete, but many nutritionists do not even discuss this factor.

The Lord says:

And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. (*ibid.*, 18-21.)

The word of the Lord is the truth. We must admit that we are not obeying the commandment or we would obtain the blessings in full. We do inherit some faulty blood, muscle, organs, etc., at birth, but we cannot attribute the present state of

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Wheel IN ANCIENT AMERICA

By Thomas Stuart Ferguson, LL.B.

THE Book of Mormon says the wheel was in use in ancient America. Scientific evidence shows the wheel was not known in the western hemisphere prior to the coming of the European the latter part of the sixteenth century. Therefore, the Book of Mormon is false." This was typical of one line of attack leveled against the Book of Mormon from certain quarters during the past few decades. This type of unfavorable criticism of the record has usually come from the "expert" type of person who insists on talking only of "the facts." This type of critic has assumed the facts were all in on this particular technicality of the Book of Mormon, and he has generally been willing to condemn the entire Nephite work as a fabrication, reasoning that part of the account is false, therefore the entirety must fall.

The scholarly critic was certain that wheels were not known in ancient America because when the Spanish, Portuguese, English, French, Dutch, and other colonists first contacted the natives of this hemisphere following the discovery of America, they found no use being made of the wheel. Further, archeologists, in carefully examining the ancient works of art brought to light by excavations and research, found no representations of vehicles with wheels. Also, in the then known native traditions there were apparently no memories of the wheel. From these sources, it was concluded by many that the wheel did not exist in ancient America. This view was almost universally accepted by leading American archeologists and historians. This was true in spite of the fact that but a small fraction of the known archeological sites of Middle America and other important zones had been touched by the scientific shovel.

It is not disputed that in 600 B.C. wheels were in common use in Palestine and the Near East. It was from there the Book of Mormon colonists came. There is little doubt that the people of Lehi and the people of Mulek would have brought with them a knowledge of the wheel, a mechanical device so useful to mankind. And it is so implied in the Book of Mormon. If Joseph Smith fabricated the idea that these early cultured inhabitants of Middle America came from the Near East, he necessarily had to give them the wheel. He did, and some of his critics laughed. After the lapse of one hundred years, Joseph Smith has been vindicated on this technicality.

IN the Book of Mormon there are seven references to *chariots*. The first and earliest reference is in Second Nephi, chapter twelve, and is a quotation from the brass plates, the record brought out

of Jerusalem by the colony of Lehi. The earliest indication of actual usage of the wheel by Book of Mormon people is found in Alma. The date is approximately 90 B.C.:

Now the king [Lamoni, a Lamanite] had commanded his servants, previous to the time of the watering of their flocks, that they should prepare his horses and chariots, and conduct him forth to the land of Nephi; . . . (Alma 18:9. See also Alma 18:10, 12; 20:6.)

It is interesting to observe that in the entire record there is, in addition to the above mentioned references to the chariots of Lamoni, the Lamanite, but a single reference to the use of chariots. This is found in Third Nephi and concerns an event taking place about 17 A.D.:

And it came to pass in the seventeenth year, in the latter end of the year, the proclamation of Lachoneus [Nephite governor] had gone forth throughout all the face of the land, and they had taken their horses, and their chariots, and their cattle, and all their flocks, and their herds, and their grain,

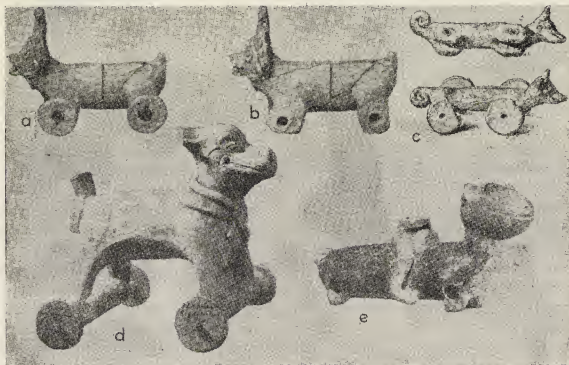
This, too, is in a quotation from the writings of Isaiah:

Wo unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope. (II Nephi 15:18.)

Thus, it is clear that the Book of Mormon credits the ancients with a knowledge of the wheel from the very outset of Nephite-Mulekite history in 600 B.C. In contrast, the well established view of most students in the field of American antiquities has been that the wheel was first introduced by the European invaders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A typical expression of this view is the following:

No wheel in any form seems to have been used in America, and we have already noticed that in general our foster-ancestor was very unmechanical. (Gregory Mason, *Columbus Came Late*, The Century Co., New York, 1931, p. 56.)

In stubborn adherence to this view, the experts went so far as almost to



Wheeled toys from Mexico. a, b, from Panuco, Vera Cruz, length seven inches; c, from Tenenepango (Charnay's illustration); d, from Tres Zapotes, Vera Cruz; e, from Valley of Oaxaca. —Courtesy, American Antiquity, April 1946.

and all their substance, and did march forth . . . to the place which had been appointed that they should gather themselves together, to defend themselves against their enemies. (III Nephi 3:22.)

The word *wheels* itself is used in one instance, being part of a poetic quotation from Isaiah, taken from the plates of brass:

. . . their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, and their wheels like a whirlwind, their roaring like a lion. (II Nephi 15:28.)

A single mention is made of the word *cart*.

ignore and discredit the important discovery near the valley of Mexico in 1880 of an ancient wheeled toy. Désiré Charnay, a French archeologist, while excavating on the slopes of the magnificent mountain, Popocatepetl, at a site known as Tenenepango, made this significant find. (Charnay, *Désiré*, 1887. *The Ancient Cities of the New World*, pp. 170, 174.)

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"LIKE FATHER LIKE SON" MAY HAVE NOTHING TO
DO WITH THIS STORY—AND AGAIN IT MIGHT . . .

For

MY GRANDSON

By Laura Morrison

THE old doctor rested his elbows on the counter and sighed. He always felt more weary on his days off than on busy days.

"I'd like some sox," he said to the pleasantly smiling lady who came to wait on him. "Something gay." He was aware of smiling slightly. "Size twelve. For my grandson."

"I'll see what we have," the clerk said hesitating. "In that size we have mostly plain colors. Your grandson must be a big lad."

"He's tall but thin." The doctor wanted to tell the clerk he had grown six inches in a year but decided against it.

She was most accommodating. The doctor chose the two brightest pairs, red plaid, blue plaid. He was asked if there was anything more.

For a moment he was thoughtful. "Yes, he did say he'd like some heavy white sox for tennis."

"I'm sorry. We haven't any just now." The clerk sighed. "I wish my boy played tennis. All he cares for is football."

If she could talk about her son, he could talk about his grandson, the doctor reasoned. "My boy is a pretty good tennis player, but I believe he enjoys basketball more." That was probably enough to say, though he wanted to add that Billy had made a record high jump, had a good singing voice, played first violin in the school orchestra.

"Shall I wrap these as a gift?" the woman was asking.

"No, no thank you."

The doctor did not explain he always bought a little gift for Billy when he shopped. Out on the street he walked with light step, no longer tired, happy because a boy would be happy. Quickly he went to the bench where he was to wait for Billy, his own car being in the garage for the day. He was glad to find the bench unoccupied, glad that people hurried by without glancing in his direction. He opened his bag to take another



"Thanks, Grandpa. They're exactly right. Thanks so much."

look at Billy's present. Sox, size twelve, Billy nearly six feet tall, driving his own car, talking about college, studying trigonometry, interested in a girl with red hair. Billy—maybe he should be called Bill now—was sixteen years old. The doctor took a deep breath. It seemed only a few yesterdays ago that Billy's father was a little tyke. The doctor looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to wait. Let the cars and people rush by, he was going to enjoy twenty good minutes dreaming in the sun.

He thought of Ellen, his lovely, vivacious wife who had never grown older or less beautiful. Even on that morning, five years ago, when she had not awakened, she had been beautiful. He liked to think of Ellen waltzing, riding Lady, laughing.

HE remembered a conversation they had one evening when they had been married about three years. Ellen in her flowing white dress was lying in a hammock while he sat on a hassock beside her.

"Do you care very much that we haven't a baby?" he asked.

Ellen smiled. She was twenty-one then, looked seventeen. "We're happy just as we are, Will, but I would like a kitten."

Will bought the kitten, black and white, a rattling purr, a bright pink nose. Ellen named it Thorndyke, spent hours playing with it. Her happiness seemed complete.

"This isn't pretty," the doctor said one evening as he sat reading his paper. He handed Ellen the story of a high school teacher whose car had stalled on the tracks. The man and his wife and two young children died before they reached the hospital.

"An entire family wiped out," Ellen said, "just because they had one of those horrible automobiles."

"Not an entire family," the doctor pointed out. "You didn't read the last line."

"The eldest son, thirteen-year-old

Layne, was not with the family," she said.

"I knew them slightly," the doctor said thoughtfully. "I stitched up Layne's smashed hand a few months back. Got it caught in a cement mixer. Cute kid, and a grand soldier. When I was dressing his hand, he told me it was perspiration, not tears on his face."

"Poor kid," Ellen said.

"Old enough to feel the full weight of the tragedy," the doctor went on. "Young enough to need his family terribly. Unless some understanding person takes that boy, the rest of his life can be ruined."

"Has he grandparents?"

"I don't know. The paper doesn't mention any. . . . You know, Ellen, I'd like to find out about that boy."

Ellen turned pale. "Will, are you thinking *we* might take him?"

"Oh, he probably has relatives."

Ellen sat on the arm of the doctor's chair, herself again. "If no one wants him, and he isn't the kind of boy who'd pull Thorndyke's tail, I wouldn't mind, Will."

"The boy's father was a math teacher," the doctor said.

He went on reading his paper, though he occasionally laid it down to comment, "The attic would make a fine playroom," or, "I'd like to have a croquet court in the back."

"A good thirteen-year-old wouldn't be much work," Ellen said sweetly. "Would you ask the sheriff or a lawyer about taking him?"

"I'll have a talk with the boy," the doctor said, and laughed. "Probably right now his relatives are fighting over his custody."

The next day the doctor called on a pale-faced boy who answered questions with a "Yes, sir," or a "No, sir." He was being cared for by a neighbor who had five children and a small home. He had no relatives.

A few days later Layne was living in the doctor's big house. Time and full days cured him of the scars left by the tragedy. He talked little, was a willing helper in the house or garden. With Thorndyke he was always gentle, but he blacked the eye of a boy who said Ellen was silly-looking in her pink organdie dress and picture hat.

In time Layne became the doctor's legally adopted son.

As far as the doctor could remem-

ber he saw Layne cry just once. He was nearly fourteen and had developed an enormous appetite. He often showed his embarrassment at eating too much, refused seconds when the doctor believed he was still hungry.

"Go ahead, Son," the doctor said one night, "another chop won't hurt you."

Layne hesitated, refused.

"I bought an extra one so you could have two," Ellen argued.

The boy looked at his plate, spoke without looking up. "When I think of all the extra food you buy for me, I feel so—so adopted."

The doctor slapped the table with his flattened hand. "You say anything like that again, young man, and I'll show you you're not too big for a trip out to the woodshed."

The boy looked up, wide eyed, open mouthed. Slowly his face became red. He left the table. Quickly the doctor was beside him, an arm across his shoulders. "I'm sorry, Son," he said.

"I try," the boy said simply. "I didn't think I'd ever do or say anything that—"

"I have strong feelings on the subject," the doctor cut in. "You are so much my boy that I won't stand for your feeling any other way. Now come on back to the table and don't be mad at me."

The boy's slender body trembled. He covered his eyes with a sweated arm, hurried to his own room. A little later the doctor left to make a call on a patient in the hills above the city.

"Take Layne along for the ride," Ellen suggested. "I won't go."

On the way home looking down at the city's lights, the boy started a sentence.

"Some day—" was all he said.

One day, when Layne was a junior in high school, he came home in high spirits. Only with coaxing did he explain his elation.

"In mechanical drawing today," he said, blushing a little, "the teacher said I'm the best student he's ever had."

"Fine!" Ellen said.

Layne played with his fingernails. "I'm glad, because I've been thinking for a long time I'd like to be an architect some day."

"I know an architect in San Francisco," the doctor said, "a good one, too. We'll go up and have a talk with him if you're serious." In time

Layne became an architect and a good one. He was a junior partner in a San Francisco firm. At first there was little building, then almost none. Layne spent a half day in the office, the other half working in a store. The doctor's practice was big, his expenses heavy, his income small as his patients paid their doctor bills last, knowing no collector would call.

WHEN Layne married a pretty little girl, the doctor borrowed on an insurance policy, and gave him a down payment on a house as a wedding present. It was a happy marriage though Dianna often wanted more than Layne could afford. One day Layne drove down from San Francisco to have a serious talk with the doctor. He talked with less difficulty than usual, as though he had prepared every sentence.

"Dad, ever since I was thirteen, I've wanted to do something to pay back all you folks did for me. I haven't much money, but that doesn't matter. You'll never need money anyway."

The doctor's back itched a little, then the top of his head.

"No, don't say anything," Layne hurried on. "I've figured out what I can do. I'm going to adopt a boy, because you adopted me. I'm going to name him after you, and it doesn't matter if we have ten kids of our own, I'm going to treat that boy as you treated me."

The doctor looked away, ashamed of the moisture in his eyes. He knew he was getting older and tired. He was not sure of the wisdom of Layne's decision. Dianna was so young and restless. Layne was talking:

"I'm not going to take a kid because he's cute. I'm going to take him because he needs a home. And I've found the baby!"

Layne took his wallet from his pocket, removed a newspaper clipping. The doctor read the story of a half-starved baby found in a bus station. Though the size of a new born infant, hospital attendants estimated his age as at least six weeks. It was thought possible that he may have been unwanted because of his deformed feet.

"We've made our application already," Layne went on, "but we can't take him home for awhile, and

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LET'S TALK IT OVER ^{7?}

By MARY BRENTNALL

SOME TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE
ABOUT CURRENT PROBLEMS



CHILDHOOD undoubtedly has its troubles; but lived in the security of a warm, loving home with united parents, it should be a time of great comfort and contentment—even joy. In childhood are laid the solid foundations for physical stamina and right thinking, but it is, nevertheless, a very gentle period—flooded with uncritical affection.

In the interval between childhood and maturity, youth takes over. Poets, humorists, psychologists, and doctors have all focused their special light upon youth. They have thrown "star dust," probed, analyzed, and poked fun—often very effectively—for youth has belonged to all of us, and all of us know something of its fire and mystery. In youth, slowly or rapidly—according to our varied situations and dispositions—we take upon ourselves the ever-increasing load of life. We must establish our usefulness, discover our gifts, seek our place, find our mate, and show evidence of our ability to earn a living.

Yet, in spite of all this, youth is a time so desirable that none of us is ever quite willing to give it up. We may have gray hair and creaking knees, but "we have young ideas." We tire a bit more easily than at some earlier period, but in our hearts "we feel just as we did at twenty." This insistent continuance of youth is real to some extent—and yet not quite real. The truly young think of forty as definitely on the downside of life. The truly young know that the thinking of their elders—no matter how we may protest—is the thinking of five, ten, twenty-five, or fifty years behind them.

REAL youth is emotionally more vulnerable. It is happy with a bounce and sparkle which has largely departed from us oldsters. Real youth is sad with a desperation and depth which maturity does not quite equal. Some inner stabilizer keeps age off these extreme reaches of

emotion. Whether youth is in its "before marriage" years, its "just married" days, or its "after marriage" period, life is kaleidoscopic—it falls into the bright changing patterns of romance and adventure. Youth looks at the years ahead with hope. Youth longs for fulfillment. Conscious of its mistakes, youth says, "If I can just do the best thing, if I can make the right decisions, if I can find—in the main—the right answers, everything will be wonderful."

Youth's problems affect many people, and we hear about them from many sources—from anxious parents, from troubled brothers and sisters, from boys and girls themselves, from young married couples. They seek personal advice—or they suggest a subject for an article. They say, "I have just read a book . . . it troubles me . . . can it be true?"; or, "I am deeply concerned about my sister who has forgotten the meaning of morality"; or, "I feel upset in trying to reconcile my early training with the habits of the community in which I must live." All plead, "I am concerned"; "I am puzzled"; "I don't know what to do"; "This is the way I feel."

The problems presented are varied: "What about card playing?" "I have married out of the Church." "If I refuse to 'smooch' will I lose all my chances of having fun?" "We are just married and not through school. Shall we begin our family now or wait a while?"

THESE are but typical of the doubts and misgivings that seem to bother young people today. Some may say there is nothing really new about these problems. This, of course, is largely correct but there are also some differences. Although it is very true that man's and woman's instincts, urges, passions, emotions, and needs are, basically, the same as they were in the beginning of time and will, undoubtedly, remain so until the end; while it is comforting to know that our parents have tri-

umphed over the same temptations we face; that they have had to exercise the same control, pray with faith to the same God, work toward the same ends; while it is also true that the basic principles of truth and right are unchanging, that the gospel plan is as stable as nature's laws, and the map of life and salvation clearly laid before the eyes of the believing; yet the phrase, "of your generation," is not an idle one. It is full of meaning—sometimes a very crucial meaning. It is evidently not intended that any generation shall meet exactly the same situations which confronted a previous one. Parents can help and guide, but neither their experience nor their imagination can fully prepare youth for its tests.

When Joseph Smith answered the question, "How do you govern these people?" with the well-known words, "We teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves," he honestly and frankly faced facts. No one, actually, can govern another. That history repeats itself, is true in principle. That we are slow to learn and apply the fundamental lessons of yesterday is an obvious fact. Yet, it is understandable, that when confronted by the moment's swift change of pace and situation, each individual has to make for himself an adequate adjustment. No one's life, in its entirety, is exactly like that of another, and no one's problems come equipped with answers prepared in advance.

YOUTH today is faced with a new group of situations. That they must satisfy old needs in a world with a brand new array of mighty

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

• Planning THE LESSON

By Dr. M. Lynn Bennion

SUPERINTENDENT, SALT LAKE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A VERY successful teacher said of her students: "They are present in my mind every day; I never lie down to sleep or rise from it without thinking of them. They live in my heart. There are not enough hours in the day in which to work for them. I wish to teach them to love their playmates, their brothers and sisters, their fathers and mothers, and all mankind more, for this would make them much happier. I wish them to know how good their Creator is, what glorious provision he has made for their well-being, for this would make them supremely happy."

She indicated great concern for a particular student, an adolescent girl, who was chasing out with the wrong crowd. She said, "I can't go with her to protect her; she would think it an intrusion upon her freedom. I will try through my teaching to put a chaperon in her heart."

This teacher has a clear purpose to guide her planning: to lead each student to a conscious and ever-growing fellowship with God, whose child he is, to a commitment to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. This purpose shaped her method, her use of subject matter, and her approach to her learners. We feel confident that this teacher would choose subject matter pertinent to the interests and needs of youth. We would expect her to be accomplished in the art of storytelling, leading in discussion, questioning, handling of controversial situations skilfully, and using worthy materials and activities. The supreme greatness of this teacher does not lie in the technique, however, but in a much more subtle and spiritual realm, that is, her personal approach to students.

This teacher reflects more admirably the essentials of lesson planning—a grasp of subject matter, knowledge of students, mastery of classroom methods, etc., but over and above this the great human qualities of friendliness, personal charm, frankness, gentleness, a love and a passion for people. Like every great teacher, she is a great human being.

LET us now center our attention on specific lesson plans. It is splendid discipline to think through and write down as many points as possible concerning the subject of the lesson, keeping in mind always its purpose, and the nature and needs of the learners. Organize the points into a logical outline. Depend upon your own resources. Live with your own ideas. Now read the lesson material which will include comparing your own ideas with the written lesson, noting new ideas you haven't thought of, noting areas where you need supplementary reading. After this foundational work is finished, make a definite lesson plan. It should contain suggestions as to the subject matter to be used and how to use it.

The following outline is suggestive of a workable plan:

- I. Problems to be solved or points to be made in the lesson
- II. Purposes to be accomplished
 - a. Understandings
 - b. Skills
 - c. Appreciations
- III. Suggestions for approaching the problem or points in the lesson (Tell a pertinent story, incident, experience, show a picture or in some other pertinent way arouse interest in the lesson.)

TO A YOUNG TEACHER

By Georgia Moore Eberling

YOURS is the "mother" task.

All day they look to you

As to one set apart,

A wise and mighty mentor,

Guardian, teacher, friend.

You teach them more than books can hold:

You give to them a touch

Of courtesy, of reverence, of faith,

Of loyalty and fealty,

Of trust.

You bring a breath of distance

To their field-bound eyes.

You bring them *you*.

The essence and the spirit of yourself.

And you are fine, idealized, and prepared.

They look at you and learn.

They copy you: you are their pattern,

Their bright copybook.

What matter if they miss a few stark facts?

You teach them life.

They daily learn to live.

What more important lesson can you give?

IV. Sharing the class experience with the students through use of such methods as discussions, lectures, demonstrations, drills, talks, visual education, tests, exhibits, etc.

V. Conclusions and outcomes of the lesson

VI. Plans for continuing the classroom procedure for next time—the assignment

As indicated earlier, this lesson plan cannot be made independently of the students and the part they are to play in its unfolding. But the teacher must not stick rigidly to the plan regardless of what interests and needs may develop in the class. It is not good to go off on a tangent, but a leader, keeping in mind always the purpose of the lesson, must be flexible enough to meet the significant problems which arise in the class as a result of group thought and discussion.

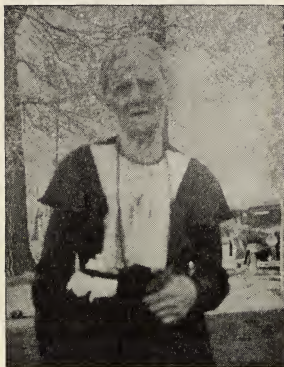
The lesson plan is a means to an end. The end is to have John, Ted, Mary, and Sue grow as children of God. Its purpose is to guide thinking, but not to be fixed as a pattern upon the youth who come to class seeking the way of life. Jesus sets before us the proper relationship between the lesson plan and the learner. He gladly shared what he himself had discovered about the way to the Father. But each one must find the way for himself. Jesus let the rich young ruler go away sorrowing, and we wonder what his future religious development was. He refused to condemn the sinful woman, a situation that called for condemnation if anything would. He refused to set himself up as a judge as to the right between two brothers. What a flood of light Jesus' attitude to a growing personality throws upon our own shortcuts in developing character. Let us make plenty of provision in our lesson plans for student thinking and free expression and value judgments. Youth can learn only through skilfully guided experience.

Sarah Loader Holman

HANDCART PIONEER

By RAY J. DAVIS

SHE was ninety-nine years of age when she passed away in March 1942, one of the last, and possibly the last survivor of one of the great pioneer treks of history. Some time before her death, she told me her story. As she unfolded it to me, her wrinkled face seemed to become calm and smooth,



SARAH LOADER HOLMAN ON HER 95th BIRTHDAY

and across the table I fancied I could see this little English girl as she appeared in 1855.

Sarah's childhood was uneventful, but when her parents joined an unpopular church this peace was broken. Her father was soon dismissed from his position and was unable to find another, so the family counseled together about the future. They talked of going to America, and the thought grew until one day they found sale for their furniture. That settled it. They would go.

The parents and the five younger girls left for the United States. The eldest one had married a Mr. Jaques, and he went too. The four eldest of the thirteen children refused to leave England and were never heard from directly again, though the family continued to write to them for years. The next four children left later.

A company of five hundred fellow religionists chartered a sailing vessel, the *John J. Boyd*, stocked it with food and water, and left the shores of England on December 12, 1855. The sixty-five days spent in crossing the ocean were marred by the food and water running low, bitter cold weather, sickness, and the eventual death of sixty of their fellow passengers. The ship arrived in New York near the last of winter. The emigrants pooled their money and rented a storage house to live in until prep-

aration could be made to continue their journey. Most of them secured work of various kinds to supply the necessary means with which to continue on to Utah, their "land of Zion."

In June, they started their journey west in cattle cars on the railroad. At times they made good progress, but at other times they camped for days beside the railway tracks waiting for a train to take them on. Upon arrival at Iowa City, Iowa, the end of the railroad, they found that they could not leave because the handcarts from St. Louis, which were to carry their belongings, had not yet arrived. It was the latter part of July before these came, and the hurried preparations for the trip were completed, as other families joined the group. Two handcarts were allotted to the Loader family. One was pulled by Mr. Loader and Mr. Jaques, and the other by the four Loader girls. These carts were two-wheeled with a pair of shafts in front and a crossbar. The two older sisters got between the shafts and pushed on the bar, while the two little girls pulled on ropes tied to the bar.

The food was carefully rationed, carried in ox-driven wagons, and apportioned each day. Each family took a tent, and were allowed to take a total of seventeen pounds a person of clothing, cooking utensils, and personal effects. Many were the heartaches as prized possessions they had carried so carefully from their home so far away had to be discarded. On top of the cart pulled by the men were perched the sick mother and the eldest sister who was expecting a baby very soon.

It was a sight seldom seen when on that July morning six hundred and twenty people, pulling all of their earthly possessions in handcarts, faced the West and thirteen hundred miles of prairies, mountains, and Indians. Mr. Savage, an experienced frontiersman, said it was too late in the season to start, for an early winter could overtake them before they reached their destination. But the group insisted on going. Hearts were happy and feet light as permission to start came from Edward Martin, their leader, for they thought only of the peace and prosperity that seemed to lie ahead.

At first all went well, but days lengthened into weeks, mornings of hope changed to nights of despair; there were sickness and death, but the march had to continue. Never was there a day spent in rest except the Sabbath.

One evening just as the company was preparing to camp, the married daugh-

ter said that her time had arrived. The family tent was erected, and all possible done to welcome the new child into the world. No anesthetics or doctor were available, not even a bed to lie on. All night they worked, and early the next morning the baby was born. A small supply of food was left with the family, and the company went on. Fear of Indians and wolves helped the lone family to forget the heat of the summer day, but the fear of not overtaking their comrades was even worse. When night came, the two men took turns standing guard to watch for Indians and wild animals.

At daylight the next morning, they prepared to continue. Their belongings were loaded on the carts, the two sick women and the new-born babe were made as comfortable as possible on the load, and they started. All day long they hurried on. As evening approached, they paused to eat a frugal meal, then continued on their way. The country was so level they could see the campfires of the company miles ahead of them, and at midnight in a state of exhaustion, they joined the group.

From this time on, Mr. Loader began to weaken. Every day except Sundays, the party pushed on. The sick and the weak had to go, too, as it was a race of life and death against the cold of winter, for it was getting dangerously late in the season. As they approached Ashhollow in western Nebraska, the father fainted several times, but managed to travel seventeen miles his last day of walking. The following morning he was unable to rise, so friends lifted him and placed him on top of the girls' cart, and occasionally the mother helped pull. They hauled him all day, and at evening left him on the cart, for he had gone beyond all hope. Early the next morning they dug a shallow grave in the sand, wrapped the body in a blanket and hurriedly buried him in an unmarked grave. The journey must go on regardless of personal feelings or sufferings.

When they arrived at the Platte River, an early winter had set in. Their progress was hampered by a heavy snowstorm, and the river was partly frozen over. The two little girls in front started out on the ice, but Sarah said, "We would rather push than pull," so they got behind the cart and pushed everything, including the two older girls, off the ice and into the river. The water was waist deep, but the entire company crossed safely and had to let their clothes freeze dry during the day. They were further delayed by the handcarts breaking down, caused by the unseasoned timber from which they had been built. The farther they went, the worse this trouble became.

Food also became a serious problem. Because the bacon was gone and wild game had been scarce, flour had to be rationed in the amount of one pound to each adult, and one-half pound to each child. This made eleven biscuits a day

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When the MORMON BATTALION Came to Tucson

From material submitted by
James W. Le Sueur

DECEMBER 16, 1946, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of the American flag to stay in Arizona, for, on that date in 1846, the Mormon Battalion entered Tucson, in the province of Sonora, on its march toward California.

It's a long and interesting story—this of the Mormon Battalion, and the story will soon be enhanced by the addition of the diary of Henry Standage, which is now being published by his descendants, most of whom now live in Mesa, Arizona. Elder Standage, as a member of the Mormon Battalion, kept one of the few diaries now preserved. From his and from other records we get the following story:

The battalion had been formed in July 1846, at the request of the federal government, to aid in the war with Mexico. The battalion members, many accompanied by their wives, marched from the temporary settlements of the Saints in Iowa, to Fort Leavenworth, where they were outfitted, to Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Tucson, and finally on to San Diego. A day's travel consisted of anywhere between three and twenty-seven miles, and as the march continued the camp suffered exceedingly from short rations.

Of course, they were well into Mexican territory as they approached Tucson. Scouts sent on ahead, had reported back that there was plenty of flour, corn meal, beans, and other foodstuffs, for sale at Tucson, and that the civilian population was leaving the town in anticipation of a battle between the battalion and the Mexican soldiery. Early on the morning of December 16, the battalion was paraded and marched at a quick pace to Tucson. Many of the brethren had traveled the eighteen miles without food or drink, and several had not had anything to eat on the day before.

A FEW miles from town the battalion were ordered to load their muskets and to be ready for a military engagement. They had not traveled far again before two Mexicans met the group, stating that the soldiers had fled and had forced most of the inhabitants to leave Tucson with them. The retreating enemy had also taken two brass pieces of artillery with them.

Next came an escort of about a dozen well-armed men who offered to take them into town. Although the vis-

itors were dressed in civilian clothes, many suspected that they were Mexican soldiers. Their offer, however, was accepted.

Before passing through the gate, a halt was made, and Lt. Col. Philip St. George Cooke, in command of the Mormon Battalion, gave instructions that private property must be respected. The soldiers had gone and had left about one hundred of the town's five hundred inhabitants at the mercy of the invaders. These Christian principles were complied with as they entered the town, and while the Mormon Battalion stayed in the territory.

Once inside the gate, the battalion members were made welcome by the old men, women, and children still at Tucson. It was not long before a sys-

tem of barter was in operation. The battalion had old clothes, and the citizens had coarse flour, meal, beans, tobacco, and quinces. Some of the most generous residents made the battalion boys presents of these foodstuffs.

Camp was established about three-quarters of a mile beyond the town, and Lt. Col. Cooke together with several officers and men went back for a closer inspection. In the words of Daniel Tyler:

At first, some of the women were much frightened, but on receiving only marked kindness, from officers and soldiers, their excitement was allayed, and they showed strong signs of gratitude. . . .

A cache of two thousand bushels of wheat belonging to the Mexican government was discovered. The starving soldiers boiled some of the wheat, ate it, and as a consequence many suffered diarrhea. The wheat was finally fed to the animals, which were too exhausted to haul any for the use of the battalion, in the trek further to the west.

And so Tucson, a welcome place in the long march, was left behind. Tucson, where "Fruits of various kinds were found"; where "gardens were neatly laid out with beautiful irrigation for watering purposes"; where "the houses were built of adobes as in Santa Fe," but "the people were more enterprising and happy"; but where "the troops were cowards and their acts spoke for them"—all was left behind as the battalion moved west. (Quotations from William Coray Diary, Ms., Church Historian's Office.)

The battalion was still in for a siege of short rations. Henry Standage records that during the trip "a lot of supplies were put on a raft to be shipped down the Gila River because of weak mules and [poor] wagons. The rafts struck falls and whirlpools, and most of the provisions, principally flour and grain, perished and the soldiers were put on about one-third rations."

He also tells of the soldiers' holding a meeting on the Gila River south of the present Phoenix, Arizona, and sending a recommendation to Brigham Young to bring the Saints to the Salt River valley, now Arizona. But the decision had already been made to settle in Salt Lake valley, and these battalion brethren, after their term of enlistment had expired in southern California, traveled north to San Francisco, and then east to join their friends and relatives in the Great Basin.

And so December marks the end of the first hundred years of the American flag in Arizona, and it will be fittingly celebrated by the descendants of the Mormon Battalion members, and all others interested.

I FIND YOU, LORD

By Joanne Midgley

A Young Writer

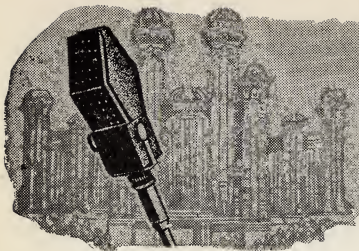
I FIND you, Lord, in all my hopes and dreams,
In nature's boundless beauty and in the morning sunlight's beams,
In rushing water clear and cool,
In every shaded forest pool,
In swaying grasses green and tall,
In every living creature's call—
I find you, Lord.

I find you, Lord, in massive mountains steep and tall,
In every jagged canyon wall
That for centuries have stood there bold,
Their great stories never told,
And yet as I gaze at these things,
My heart within me fairly sings:
You made these, Lord!

I hear you, Lord, for with music's voice you speak to me;
And when in trouble, what more than music can comfort be!
You love me, Lord, for with the wind you kiss my cheek;
And with the blowing of the leaves, you softly speak.

I find you, Lord, in Mother's songs.
I know that she'll be over there to help me right my wrongs.
I find you, Lord, in Father's love
And in his understanding heart.
I know they're sent by you above
To teach me every loving art.

I find you, Lord, in everything that's clean and true—
And feel you near with each kind deed I do,
I feel you near at close of day
When we all kneel down to you to pray
And thank you for the wondrous love
That you send us from above.
And in the life we live each day,
We'll serve you in a pleasing way;
That when this life on earth is done,
We'll all be together in heaven as one.



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

The Burden of Making Decisions

ONE of the most difficult things in life is making decisions and taking responsibility for them. Indeed, the mental and moral burden of making decisions usually weighs men down much more than hard physical labor. Often there is much at stake to increase the tension: success or failure, happiness or unhappiness, right or wrong, and even life or death. And because decisions are so difficult to make, people often seek to share with others the responsibility of making them—and often attempt to avoid making them at all. When things go well, there are many who are willing to share the credit, and when they go badly there are few who are willing to share the blame. And often, therefore, part of the reason why we seek advice from others (in addition to our desire for their judgment and experience) is so that, morally at least, we can place part of the burden for the results of our decisions on shoulders other than our own. This is especially true when we do something wrong or fail to do something right. In our desire to justify ourselves we often point to those who may have advised us badly, or to those who may have set us an improper example, and we explain that we did what we did because we saw someone else do it or because we were advised so to do. But no matter how vigorously we attempt to side-step such responsibility, and no matter how much counsel or advice we have received, and no matter whose example we have followed, there inevitably come times in the lives of all of us when we cannot avoid making our own decisions and taking responsibility for them. Our parents may make some decisions for us, and we for our children. Advisers and counselors may make some decisions for us. When we are ill or incapacitated, it may be necessary for others to make some decisions for us, and to take the responsibility for them—but when we are in possession of our faculties and have reached an age of accountability, no matter who tells us to do a wrong thing, if we know it to be a wrong thing, or are capable of knowing it to be a wrong thing, the final responsibility in full or in part rests with each of us. There are some things a man must do for himself, and making up his mind what he should do and what he wants to do, is one of them.

—October 13, 1946.

"Talent Without Character"

THERE is an old phrase, of unidentified origin, which says that "Talent without character is more to be dreaded than esteemed." Using character in its meaning of moral responsibility, we would extend the statement further: Authority without character is more to be dreaded than esteemed. Money without character, power without character, knowledge without character, science without character, men without character—all are more to be dreaded than esteemed. Ours is a day in which inestimable forces have been placed in the hands of men, and our fears have been multiplied as these death-dealing devices have increased. We sometimes imagine that if we could rid ourselves of these things, we could rid ourselves of our troubles. But there is no material object or physical force in the world that is evil in and of itself. There isn't one of them that could not be used for man's blessing as well as for man's extermination. The real source of our fears is frequently overlooked. Our problems are human problems, not material problems. Even a club or a stone—or even bare hands—are a menace in the possession of a man without character. Our worry is with men, not with things. The sirens of mythology used the sweetness of their voices to entice men to doom and destruction. Shall we say then that a sweet and lovely voice is an evil thing? The gift that enables a man to write an inspiring masterpiece may also empower him, if his thoughts are evil, to write debasing filth. The gift that enables an artist to depict a hallowed scene may also, if abused, permit him to perpetuate a lewd subject. The power of persuasion that moves men to good works, may, in the possession of a false leader, move them to false ways. Talent without character is indeed to be dreaded. Any object or energy, any power or force, anything in the world used without moral responsibility, is to be dreaded. The real measure of goodness or badness is the use to which men put their time, their tools, their talents. The real fears are fears of men; the real problems are human problems. If we can get men to be what they should be, we can bring heaven on earth and live free of the fear of any physical force.

—October 27, 1946.

from Temple Square

On Taking a Chance

THERE is a spirit abroad, typified by the seemingly harmless phrase, "Why not take a chance?" This popular proposal has no doubt induced many people to gamble away many things, perhaps the least important of which is money. The spirit of gambling is a progressive thing. Usually it begins modestly; and then, like many other hazardous habits, it often grows beyond control. At best it wastes time and produces nothing. At worst it becomes a ruinous obsession and fosters false living by encouraging the futile belief that we can continually get something for nothing. The spirit of gambling further fosters the fallacy that the someone who loses is ultimately going to be someone other than ourselves. Gambling in its broadest and most harmful sense, is, in truth, not gambling at all, but an absolute certainty—the certainty that sooner or later we shall lose. And when we gamble with things other than money or property—for example, with happiness or with health, with law or with life—our foolhardiness has then reached a reckless ripeness. Some are so foolish as to gamble with conscience. But no man ever won a gamble with his own conscience. Life is not a thing of chance, and there is no justification for living it as though it were. This is a universe of law and order, of cause and effect. Nature has a long memory, and we forfeit claims to happiness, to safety, and to protection when we take chances with anything, unnecessarily. There are some things we must venture, it is true. There are some necessary risks. And sometimes the outcome of what must be done cannot be known until it is done. But quite apart from this, there is an irresponsible spirit of gambling that has little or nothing in common with the legitimate and necessary ventures of life. And so, when we are tempted beyond sound judgment and safe reason by the disarming invitation, "Why not take a chance?" we would do well to give back the pertinent reply: "Why take a chance?"

—October 20, 1946.

On "Knowing the Answers"

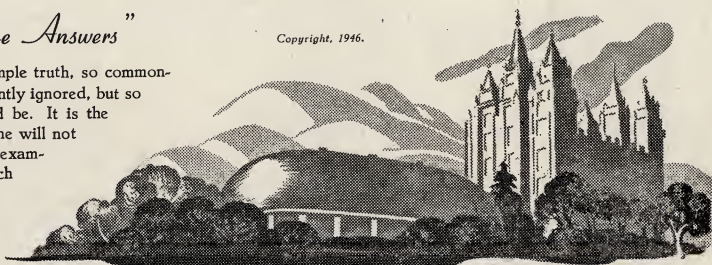
THERE is an old and simple truth, so commonplace as to be frequently ignored, but so vital that it never should be. It is the truth that knowledge alone will not save us. There are infinite examples of this, some of which we mention merely to indicate the inexhaustibility of those we do

not mention: A man may know how to take nourishment, but if he doesn't, he will starve. A man may know how to breathe, but if he doesn't, he will die. These simplest of illustrations are basic to life itself, and, in principle, to most of our troubles, for it is probable that there is not one among us who does not know better than he sometimes does. It is probable, for example, that there are few doctors who live as well as they are capable of telling their patients how to live. It is probable that there are few teachers but who can expound what to do better than they sometimes make a practice of doing. It is probable that there are few private or public advisers but who can tell the world how to get out of its difficulties better than they can keep their own affairs out of difficulties. It is probable that no people, no generation, ever found themselves in serious trouble without some knowledge, some intuition, some warning voice as to the consequences of the course they were pursuing. Of course, there are times when men do perish for lack of knowledge, but more often it isn't what we don't know that gets us into trouble, but what we do know and ignore. There are many seemingly "smart people" who seem to know all the "answers." But "smartness," so-called, may be of the kind that is akin to wisdom, or it may be merely the brilliant stupidity of those who think that "knowing the answers" gives them immunity from the rules of life and from the consequences of their own doing. But, again, merely "knowing the answers" won't save anyone. It has been scripturally recorded and long since accepted that "Where there is no vision, the people perish."¹ But where there is vision, and it is disregarded, they perish also—and with greater condemnation. What good is vision, what good is all the experience of mankind, and all the word of God, and all the record of the ages, if knowing it all, we leave it out of our living lives? What this world needs is not merely more men who know the "answers," but also more men who have the good sense to practice what they know.

—October 6, 1946.

¹Proverbs 29:18

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UNDERSTOOD BETSY

(Dorothy Canfield, Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1946. 213 pages. \$2.00.)

A new edition of this classic is welcome news to parents of little girls who will wish to give them a good story to read. This book deals with Elizabeth Ann, who finally was taken from her Aunt Frances and moved to Putney Farm where she had some unusual experiences indeed.—M. J. C.

AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE

(Arlene DeLattelle, Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1946. \$1.00.)

THIS amusing picture book for the very young deals with Run-Fast, the mouse, who had such a time escaping Gnome-Mice, the cat. This clever book by a young French artist will bring much pleasure to the small fry.—M. C. J.

BRIGHT APRIL

(Written and illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. 88 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS book tells the story of Bright April who could also have her dark moods. More important than that however, it tells the story of April's tenth birthday and how she made friends and learned the important truth from the Bible: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—M. C. J.

DIXIE DOBIE

(Margaret S. Johnson and Helen L. Johnson, Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

As a young colt, Dixie spent the time racing along the hard sand watching the waves come up the beach. When she was captured by some men who came to her island, put on a ship which went down in a storm, and swam to shore, she came to the pasture lands of a man named Dobie who tamed her and made her useful as well as beautiful.—M. C. J.

QUICKSILVER BOB

(Corinne Low, Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1946. 273 pages. \$2.00.)

THE American and French revolutions gave great field for action. In this stirring epoch Robert Fulton gave full vent to his aptitudes. At first, this versatile youth gave his attention to art, but he soon turned his ability toward that of making boats move by steam. His life, like that of many a great man, was one of loneliness, poverty, and constant struggle, but at length he won acclaim and success as a result of his persistence.—M. C. J.

POGO'S LETTER

(Jo and Ernest Norling, Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1946. 42 pages. \$1.25.)

YOUNG FOLK will like this book, dealing as it does with the making of paper. The illustrations are also so good that they will carry the message to many of those who will be unable to read the delightful story.—M. C. J.

DANDELION COTTAGE

(Carroll Watson Rankin, Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1946. 229 pages. \$2.00.)

THE girls in this story earned the right to use Dandelion Cottage for their very own during a summer after they had dug all the dandelions from the lawn in front of the cottage. This book is a reprint which has won the hearts of young girls since it was first published in 1904.—M. C. J.

A LITTLE CHILD

(Jessie Orton Jones and Elizabeth Orton Jones, Viking Press, New York. 1946. 38 pages. \$2.00.)

ACCOMPANYING this book goes a Pageant Text which indicates how the book may be presented effectively. This should make a beautiful pageant because it encourages young people to learn the Christmas story, with the preceding and succeeding prophecies, as well as the birth of Christ itself, the entire book being in exact Biblical language. Suitable for presentation in schools or churches, the cost of presentation will be nominal while the number of characters to be used is flexible.—M. C. J.



BOOKS for Christmas

BIG TREE

(Written and illustrated by Mary and Conrad Buff. The Viking Press, New York. 80 pages. \$3.00.)

TAKING as the hero the giant Sequoia which they named Wanoona, these gifted writers and artists have produced a beautiful book, replete with duotone illustrations. From the time, before recorded history when as a tiny seed with two hundred others it lay lightly enclosed in a cone, until recent years when it was cut down by man, the story of the life of this magnificent tree over three hundred feet high has been traced by the authors.

—M. C. J.

ROMANCE FOR ROSA

(Rachel Varble, Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. 276 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS romance carries the reader back in history during the period from 1660 to 1680 and tells how a little English girl, Rosa Wickcliffe, left an orphan at an early age, came to America where as a bound girl she served six and a half years of her allotted seven—and managed to have a good time along with her work. Girls from twelve to sixteen will enjoy it.—M. C. J.

SEQUOYA

(Catherine Cate Coblentz, Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 1946. 198 pages. \$2.50.)

WRITTEN for young people, this biography of the great Cherokee Indian, who was given the name "Sequoia" in derision, will serve to stir them as few books can. The fact that this Indian was lame—when Indians themselves demand physical perfection will serve as one stimulus; the fact that he continued to work to accomplish what he had set out to do—make a written language for his tribe—will prove of interest and worth to young boys and girls from the ages of twelve to eighteen—and their parents!—M. C. J.

PENNY AND PETER

(Carolyn Haywood, Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1946. 160 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS story of Penny and Peter, two adopted children, aged six and eight years, is told in language simple enough to be read by eight-year-olds and is amusing enough to be enjoyed by older people. The author has caught the mood of two young boys looking for adventure in the illustrations she has used so generously throughout the book.—E. J. M.

TURTLES

(Wilfrid S. Bronson, Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1945. \$1.75.)

Turtles is a book written for boys but is instructive for all ages.

Mr. Bronson has explained in simple terms and with progressive drawings the different types of land and water turtles.—E. J. M.

THE BLOT: LITTLE CITY CAT

(Phyllis Crawford, Illustrated. Henry Holt & Company, New York. 1946. 56 pages. \$1.50.)

A REPRINT of 1930, this is a fascinating

story of a mischievous kitten who has many adventures after leaving home. But

he returns by accident and finds "home" much as he has left it and is a much happier and wiser kitten.

Children learning to read as well as the younger ones, will enjoy this book.

—E. J. M.

HOW BIG IS BIG?

(Herman and Nina Schneider, William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1946. 46 pages. \$1.50.)

HERE is a book, with engaging and graphic illustration, that will give to those in the earlier years of school a more critical sense of comparison and a more acute consciousness of words. Some of the provocative subtitles indicate its scope: "A yardstick for the Universe, from Stars to Atoms," "Big" is such an overworked word. There is a full money's worth of mental stimulation in this unusual volume.—R. L. E.

JUST LIKE YOU:

All Babies Have Mummies and Daddies (Evelyn Beyer, William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1946. 20 pages. \$1.00.)

THE size of this book has nothing to do with the effectiveness of its message. Its colorful and heart-warming drawings of animals and their young are matched with a message of parent-child affection. It is the work of a capable and qualified nursery school director now doing research work in child development at Mayo Clinic. It is a book that would find much turning of its stout pages in the nursery.—R. L. E.

WESTWARD THE COURSE

(Hildred Hawthorne, Longmans, Green & Company, New York. 1946. 280 pages. \$2.50.)

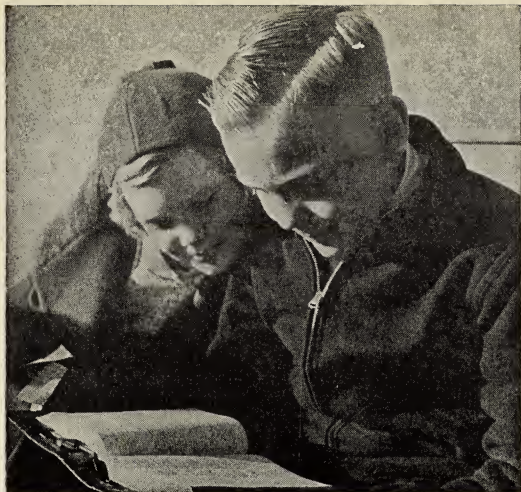
THE Lewis and Clark expedition has furnished the background for the story of Harry Whitcomb and George Shannon, two young men who accompany the expedition. Certainly, this is a good way to make history come alive for young people—and help them learn the story behind the exploration of the great western part of the United States.—M. C. J.

POCAHONTAS

(Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire, Illustrated. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. \$2.50.)

WHIMISICALLY and feigningly, the story of early Virginia unfolds in the story of the little Indian maid who saved the life of Captain John Smith. This book is beautifully illustrated by these talented authors of previous prized publications, including *George Washington*, and *Abraham Lincoln*, which was a Caldecott Medal book.

—M. C. J.



—Photograph by D. E. Jack

GOLDEN SOVEREIGN

(Dorothy Lyons. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1946. 259 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS story about horses will stir the blood of any boy or girl or even man or woman who cares to read it. Connie McGuire is the girl who decided to make her way to college via horses, and Pete Kendall is the boy who helped her—during his free hours from college.—M. C. J.

WHAT TO DO NOW

(Tina Lee. Illustrated. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. 96 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS book should be in every house where there are children, for it tells them what to do—and gives simple instructions on how to do various useful and pleasurable things.—M. C. J.

GOLDEN HAIR

(Steingrímur Arason. Macmillan Company, New York. 223 pages. \$2.00.)

SIGNY was American, but her grandmother, who was an Icelander, had told her so many interesting tales of life in Dal that it was with great anticipation that she went to spend a year there.

While "golden hair" will always remain, the traditional long braids worn by the girls are vanishing with the advent of modern life.—E. J. M.

SILLY BILLY

(Sally Scott. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1946. \$1.50.)

SILLY BILLY was a silly cat, but he knew what he wanted. He really wanted company, and after trying hard, he finally found it.

Silly Billy was not handsome—he did not like to fight, he did not like to hurt—what he wanted was to stay curled up all warm and cuddly next to Mother and purr and purr.

Strikingly illustrated *Silly Billy* is a most entertaining and amusing story for very young folk. The older children will also enjoy his antics.—E. J. M.

HERE'S A PENNY

(Carolyn Haywood. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 158 pages. \$2.00.)

HIS real name was William, but since he had resembled a bright new penny when he was tiny, his nickname was Penny. The escapades—the altogether innocent ones of a six-year-old—make delightful reading, and added to the delight of reading are the author's own illustrations. In addition there is tenderness and just enough pathos to heighten the interest.—M. C. J.

CYOTES

(Written and Illustrated by Wilfrid S. Bronson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1946. \$1.75.)

FOR younger children this story of coyote life will prove interesting as well as informative with its clear, good sized text and its unusual drawings of the coyote's activities.—M. C. J.

DRAGON PLOWS WESTWARD

(William H. Bunce. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. 1946. 199 pages. \$2.00.)

ERIE the Viking has been the subject for many a story—and this one dealing with his possible association with an Indian affords the opportunity to give worth-while information concerning both the Viking and the Indian in the form of an exciting story.—M. C. J.

THE THIRTEENTH STONE

(Jean Bothwell. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. 1946. 225 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS story of thirteen-year-old Jivan will introduce young folk to India through an exciting series of incidents.—M. C. J.

THE LITTLE ISLAND

(Golden MacDonalds. Illustrated. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. \$2.50.)

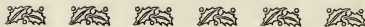
LIFE on the little island was indeed interesting as the seasons passed, bringing

with them the flowers, the seeds, the ripened fruit—and the feeling that "it was good to be a little island, a part of the world and a world of its own all surrounded by the bright blue sea."—M. C. J.

THE SILVER STRAIN

(Kathrene Pinkerton. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1946. 263 pages. \$2.00.)

A YOUNG MAN's determination to make his parents' silver fox farm a paying proposition is the basis for this story with its fascinating setting in the north woods during the time when fur farming was just beginning. Older boys and girls will enjoy the book.—M. C. J.



STUART LITTLE

(E. B. White. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1946. 131 pages. \$2.00.)

IF the young folk can get this book away from the older ones, they will enjoy reading this delightfully fantastic story of Stuart Little, born to the Frederick C. Littles—and a mouse, at that. Since *Mary Poppins* nothing quite so fascinating has come across this reviewer's desk.—M. C. J.

AIRPORT SUMMER

(Eileen Wood. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1946. 190 pages. \$2.00.)

FROM Detroit came twelve-year-old Terry Wylie to spend the summer with his Aunt Peggy and her friend in the Middle West where they operate an air field. Forming a model plane club, he and some of the other boys in the neighborhood of the airfield have all manner of fun. Moving along at a rapid pace, this story will satisfy the active twelve-year-olds.—M. C. J.

FOOTBALL COACH

(Arthur Sampson. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1946. 173 pages. \$2.00.)

TOLD in the first person this book gains reality in the telling of the experiences of an assistant football coach in a small university. The importance of the book is that it teaches the psychology that is put in action in developing a team—and not individual players.—M. C. J.

TRIUMPH CLEAR

(Lorraine Beim. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1946. 200 pages. \$2.00.)

MARSH EVANS had something to fight for when she went to Georgia Warm Springs Foundation: she had to fight to win back her courage as well as her health. A book that will bear fruit in helping girls to face life better, it also makes fascinating reading.—M. C. J.

THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS

(Written and Illustrated by Phyllis Côté. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. 214 pages. \$2.00.)

JUDY MACDONALD wanted to have the Ashleys move into the upstairs of her own home. How she prevailed upon her mother to permit them to live upstairs—and many other activities of the active MacDonald family will prove enjoyable to the middle group youngsters.—M. C. J.

(Concluded on page 806)

PRAYING TREES

By Kathryn Poor

THE Mojave desert in California and Arizona possesses most fantastic inhabitants. They are called the Joshua trees and are native to California and Utah and Arizona. They are called "Praying Trees" by desert prospectors because their arms are usually raised toward the sky.

In the noonday sun or in the moonlight, from a distance, they look like a group of worshipers engaged in devotions to the sun and moon.

The "Mormons," pushing forward through the deserts of southern Utah, were much impressed by the somber dignity of this tree, and named it for the Prophet Joshua. It was a symbol of a divine leader showing them their land of promise.

This tall scarecrow of a tree yucca is of very ancient origin. It has been wrongly considered a cactus. All yuccas are of the lily family. The Joshua tree grows in thousands. Its twisted and warped arms or branches are covered with stiff spiked leaves. It generally grows from ten to twenty feet high. Some few reach a height of fifty feet above the barren sand and rocks.

John Charles Fremont saw this peculiar tree when he went through the Mojave Desert in 1844, but a complete description of it was not made until 1874. The botanical name of the tree is *Yucca brevifolia* Englemann. One writer called it "a vegetable pirate . . . with belt, boots, and hands stuck full of daggers." It has also been called "the tree with the green boxing gloves."

The praying tree bears flowers from March to May. Its method of pollination is interesting. It is done by a female moth which works at night, collecting the sticky pollen gum and rolling it into a ball. She carries it to the flower of another plant and deposits her eggs in this flower. Then she climbs up the style branch and thrusts the ball of pollen down the stigmatic tube. When the eggs are hatched, about a dozen seeds are eaten by the moth larvae, but many perfect seeds mature to produce new plants. The maternal labor of the moth keeps the yucca alive; without this it would soon become extinct.

William Lewis Manly in his story of "Death Valley in '49," told of finding the praying Joshua tree.

Indians used the shiny black seeds for food, grinding them into meal which they made into porridge. Sometimes the flowers were also eaten, and rope was made from the root fibers. The green shoots of this tree are full of juice, and dead limbs make good fuel. The trunk may be used as a prospector's shack.

The large tree casts a dense shade which in the flaming heat of the desert is useful to all the life found there. The wood makes good paper. The wood is light and porous, and during World War I, it was used for making surgical splints and artificial legs and arms.

In 1936 the Federal government set aside more than 800,000 acres of land for a Joshua Tree National Monument in San Bernardino and Riverside coun-

ties, California, north of Palm Springs and Indio. Travelers can easily see the tens of thousands of trees growing there.

Los Angeles County has a Yucca Park, a 1700 acre tract about fifteen miles east of Lancaster. Until 1930 this park contained the largest Yucca tree ever found. The trunk was twenty-four feet around at the ground, sixteen feet around six feet above the ground, and a little more than fifty-eight feet high. This tree was destroyed by vandals.

The Joshua tree is of economic as well as scenic value and has proved itself a friend to man. Its arms pointing upward are symbolic of a devotional attitude, and the strangely shaped denizen of the desert may justly be called the "Praying Tree."

M.I.A. Socials

From Ita J. Markham

1. INEXPENSIVE

The local ward recreation hall becomes the place for the entertainment. All that is required is a record player with a few selected folk dance records.

2. MASS PARTICIPATION

Everyone participates. Old and young can get together on common ground. Father and mother, and boys and girls can associate on the same level.

Mass participation eliminates the bad features of picking and choosing which is common in the ordinary ballroom dancing as the folk dancing stresses progressive changing of couples.

3. PROVIDES AN OPPORTUNITY FOR SELF-EXPRESSION

The young people can become as expert as they wish and can work out variations for possibilities for self-expression.

4. SIMPLICITY

A weekly dancing party of folk dancing does not require elaborate preparations. Light refreshments are served on special occasions.

And Lo, Their Names Led All the Rest

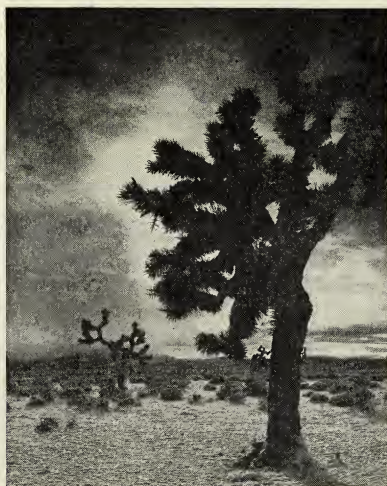
(Concluded from page 776)

of peace and good will is also a message of forgiveness and friendship."

Millie bit the end of her pencil thoughtfully, then bent laboriously over her list.

"There, is this better?" she smiled, handing the list to her mother.

The names of Gladys and Marjorie and one or two others stood out larger than all the rest.



—Photograph by Josef Muench



Poetry

OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

By Ora Pate Stewart

TIME AGO, on an Indian Summer night
When the harvest was put away,
And children were snuggled in feather beds
At the close of a busy day—
My father would sit at the open hearth
And fashion with knife and scroll
A hobbyhorse or a sturdy sled—
Or maybe a wooden doll—
While Mother maneuvered the "crochey
hook."
Or schemed with the calico—
And fascinators and pinafores
Danced polkas in a row.

It isn't that world economy
Has unthethered his silver wings—
But that attired away in a cobwebbed age
Lies the pleasure of making things.

RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS

By Helen Baker Adams

A SKIFF of snow; a frosty night;
A star, alone, and strangely bright;
A little house whose windows hold
Christmas candles tipped with gold;
A glowing tree that reaches high
To show its brilliance to the sky;
A crackling hearth; a carol sweet;
A heap of family love complete—
A spirit, seasoned well with giving;
A faith the Babe is near and living;
Gay hearts and children's laughter dear—
All that Christmas needs is here!

"OLD CHRISTMAS"

By Georgia Moore Eberling

THROUGH all of pale December's crystal
days,
The world was like a frosted Christmas
card.
The ice upon the pond was clear and hard,
And frost beads glistened in the sun's wan
rays.
The lilacs bloomed again with feathered
sprays
Of fluffy snow, the landscape was white-
starred
With mounting drifts that gemmed the
hills, unmarred
By human touch, and mortals' feverish
ways.

Now older grown, I never can forget
The wonder and the magic of that time.
No later hours of sorrow or regret
Can dull the memory of the Christmas chime
Of peace on earth, and from life's Olivet
A light still shines on plains of doubt and
griime.

FOUR GIFTS

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

FOUR things I ask for this my child:
A body strong to meet life's stress,
A soul by evil undefiled,
A heart that knows but tenderness,
An open mind, to sift and store;
These things I ask—these four!

TO THE LEAST OF THESE

By LaRene King Bleecker

HE who said, "To the least of these";
Who fed the multitudes with ease;
He who was born in a lowly manger,
Came to earth, one day, a stranger,
And mingled with the city throngs,
(No churches then, nor word, nor songs)
But men wore cloaks to shield defiance;
"Our leaders now are men of science."
Jesus sighed that the lust for power
Should so obscure the world's dark hour.
"Alas, that men should fail to see
That love, not hate, rules destiny."
And his pitying eyes, as calm and cool
As a moonlit sea or a placid pool,
Sought for one face in the milling crowd
That held humility or faith in God;
Sought for one in the surging throng
Who had need of him, or need of a song,
But found not one to whom he could say:
"Let us go to the mountain in silence to
pray."

Alone—the Savior—alone! Save where
The peaceful mountain beckoned him there;
The sweet, cool tang of the pinioned glen,
Far away from the marts of men;
Far away from the maddening din,
From the clamor and chaos and houses of
sin.

Alone, the Savior—nay, not alone—
For as he turned, he saw them come,
The multitudes from near and far—
The homeless, the hungry, the victims of
war.

(Not one among them to mock or deride)
Following him, their Savior and Guide,
Many were wounded and blinded and lame,
But they knew him and praised him and
called him by name,

And humbly knelt, at close of the day,
In the mountain's cool silence, with Jesus,
to pray.

PRE-EXISTENCE

By Andrew M. Andersen

LOOKING backward,
My mind refuses
To stop at the boundary of birth,
For I have glimpsed
Fragments of light eternal
Beyond the postern gate
Of my earth beginning,

And something imperceptible
Affirms that truth and beauty
Have been my beloved companions
Through the illimitable past.

Death, the stranger,
Is waiting somewhere
To take me back to familiar places.

STORM

By Nina Willis Walter

THE gray clouds streak the sky with fin-
gers of rain;
The cold wind's breath is sharp as a twisting
pain.

A storm-flung menace shakes a resentful
world;
The lightning darts like tongues of serpents
uncurled.

A maddened bull is pawing at heaven's
floor;
The whole world trembles, hearing his
thunderous roar.
The earth with flowers, birds, and sun was
too gay;
Heaven chastises the frivolous creature
today.

THIS DAY

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

LORD, I have done nothing with this day,
Save it be little things;
Yet, as the sun folds in each last long ray,
My heart, uplifted, sings:
Thanks for small tasks that strew my home-
ly way,
And the peace their doing brings.

FOR A LONG WINTER NIGHT

By Julia W. Wolfe

BRING in the logs and pile them higher!
Push up the Windsor armchair, so;
Draw the high-backed settle nigher
And gather in the firelight's glow.
The sharp snow stings the window glassess;
The keen wind tries our door in vain;
He pulls the shutters as he passes
And lulls and sighs and turns again.

Bring the carved oak nut bowl in
And those red apples we've been keeping;
Lay a fagot; you begin.
And spin a story while it's leaping.
Outside the bitter winter paces;
His frost and cold but add delight
To a hearth fire bringing well-loved faces
Home again to its warmth tonight.





The Church Moves On

President Smith

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH accompanied by Elders Spencer W. Kimball and Matthew Cowley, of the Council of the Twelve, returned to Salt Lake City early in November after attending a series of meetings at Window Rock, Arizona, to discuss the Navajo problem with the Indians themselves and with other interested church and government groups. One of the pressing problems is one brought about by an increased population and decreased range lands. Said President Smith:

The situation would be solved if more lands were available for the Navajos. They could take care of themselves fully if they had sufficient grazing lands upon which to raise their livestock.

The possibility for increased Church missionary and educational work on the large Navajo reservation cannot be settled until a new chairman of the tribal council is elected.

President Ralph William Evans of the Navajo-Zuni Mission and several missionaries also were in attendance at the Window Rock meeting.

Mrs. Callis Dies

MRS. GRACE ELIZABETH PACK CALLIS, wife of Elder Charles A. Callis of the Council of the Twelve, died October 12, following a lingering illness at the age of seventy-three.

She accompanied Elder Callis on a mission to Florida in 1906. While still in the mission field, in 1908, he was called to preside over the Southern States Mission. That appointment lasted for twenty-six and a half years—until Elder Callis was called to the

Council of the Twelve. She will be long remembered by countless missionaries as their "mission-mother" in the Southern States.

While in the South, Sister Callis organized the first Relief Society in that mission and was active in organizing the first Relief Society among the Catawba Indians of South Carolina. She presided over the Relief Societies of the Southern States for nineteen years.

She was instrumental in finding Latter-day Saint homes in the West for over fifty orphans of the Southern States. Many of these children have returned to the South as missionaries.

Sister Callis traveled extensively with Elder Callis as he went throughout the Church filling conference and other appointments as a General Authority. And wherever they went, they found former missionaries and converts of the Southern States who made them welcome.

She was the mother of eight children, six of whom survive. Funeral speakers included President George Albert Smith, President David O. McKay, and President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve.

Y.M.M.I.A. Board

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE Q. MORRIS has announced the addition of four new members to the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association general board:

Charles J. Hart is director of the Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation, at Brigham Young University, Provo. Elder Hart, a son of the late Charles H. Hart of the First Council of the Seventy, has been active for many years as an M.I.A. officer and stake leader in the Teton Stake of Ida-

ho and the Utah Stake at Provo. He received his doctor's degree in education at New York University in 1945.

Clark N. Stohl has been active in ward and stake Mutual work in the Oakland, California, Stake, and at the time of this appointment, was stake superintendent of the Highland Stake Mutual, in Salt Lake City.

Stanley Russon has been superintendent of the Sunday School and M. I. A. in the Thirty-third Ward of Salt Lake City, a member of the bishopric of that ward, and a member of the Bonneville Stake M. I. A. superintendency.

John Fetzer, Jr., has been a member of the Liberty Stake Mutual board as well as the Liberty Stake high council, where he was assigned to supervise M.I.A. and Aaronic Priesthood work. He was active in M.I.A. circles in southern California while doing university work there. He has filled two missions for the Church, one to Germany and Austria, and the other to Palestine and Syria. Since his return from the armed forces he has been a member of the Yalcrest Ward, Bonneville Stake, in Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young University Gets Bequest

ALMOST \$160,000 of the estate of the late Professor Myron F. Abbey, former Montana state vocational educational director, will be equally divided between the Hebron Academy, at Hebron, Maine, and Brigham Young University, it has been announced at Columbus, Ohio.

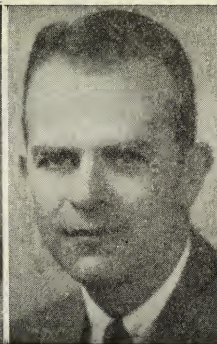
Professor Abbey, a close friend of the late President Heber J. Grant, became interested in the Church university, by contacts with him.



CHARLES J. HART



CLARK N. STOHL



STANLEY RUSSON



JOHN FETZER, JR.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Harmony, Pennsylvania, Property

THE Church has recently obtained an eighty-acre farm of historical significance at McKune, Pennsylvania—known as Harmony, Susquehanna County, in early Church history. The land purchased is in the bend of the Susquehanna River, believed to be the spot where John the Baptist restored the Aaronic Priesthood and administered the ordinance of baptism to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdrey.

In the deed was a copy of a transaction in which the Prophet and his wife, Emma, sold "thirteen acres and eighty perches" to Joseph McKune, Jr. This part of the deed was dated June 28, 1833.

Wilford C. Wood arranged for the purchase of this property by the Church.

Social Service and Child Welfare Department

CREATION of a new and enlarged Relief Society social service and child welfare department has been announced by Mrs. Belle S. Spafford, general president of the organization. The department combines the old social service and child welfare department of the Relief Society, and the Church medical department. Mrs. Spafford said:

Bishops and ward Relief Society presidents desiring assistance with family, medical, or other welfare problems are invited to communicate with this department.

Sister Marie H. Tanner, who has been the Church medical case worker since the creation of the medical department by the Presiding Bishopric in 1942, heads the new department. Mrs. Ruth P. Lohmoeller, director of the old social service and child welfare department of the Relief Society, resigned October 1, because of increased responsibilities at home.

East Central States Mission

DR. THOMAS W. RICHARDS, a dentist of Malad, Idaho, and until recently, president of the Malad Stake, was appointed late in September as president

of the East Central States Mission by the First Presidency. He succeeds President Graham H. Doney, who is expected to return to his home and business activities in Salt Lake City.

As a young man, President Richards filled a short-term mission in Canada. He was also active in the Western States Mission while a dental student in Denver. Returning home, he became stake superintendent of Religion Class; a member of the stake Sunday School board; a member of the high council; and eighteen years ago, succeeded his father as president of the Malad Stake.

Sister Richards will accompany him to Louisville, Kentucky, the mission headquarters, where she will preside over the women's activities of the mission.

Salt Lake Temple Presidency

CHARLES R. JONES has been named second counselor to President Joseph Fielding Smith at the Salt Lake Temple. He succeeds J. Will Knight.

Welfare Center

MEMBERS of the Millard Stake in central Utah have obtained a large frame barracks building at Topaz, once the Japanese relocation center in Utah, and moved it to Fillmore, where it has

(Continued on page 808)



GRAHAM H. DONEY

THOMAS W. RICHARDS



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME OCTOBER 27, AND DEPARTING OCTOBER 30, 1946

Reading from left to right, first row: Karl W. Gwilliam, Grant L. Hanson, Walter J. Coyne, David M. Stauffer, Lamar C. Nelson, Lyle H. Peterson, Frank W. Harmon, John DeYoung, Louis M. Eldredge, Wallace H. Black, V. Max Anderson, Bryan H. Reeve, Kenneth E. Weight, Jr., Glenn E. Sacco.

Second row: Charles B. Jackson, Shirley Dayley, Mollie Rae Baker, Margaret E. Johnson, Ethelyn Dickson, Ruth May Tiffany, Della Ray McElvay, Valeo Crowther, Don B. Colton, director; Melba Colby, Sylvia Lois Western, Clarice Wilma Simpson, Johannade Jang, Frankie Engebretsen, Mary Evelyn Bullock, Mildred Johnson.

Third row: Melvin B. Park, Grant M. Hulet, Odell B. Cutler, Winnifred Bowers, Elizabeth J. Scott, Marcelle Kidd, Myrtle Browning, Edna Merrell, Virginia Tansmeyer, Chloe R. Harrison, William Jesse Harrison, Bodell Jensen, Fern Webster, Velma Bates, Ellen Kent, Beth Despain.

Fourth row: Angus J. Keller, Clarence Kent, T. Leonard Rowley, Maxine Bailey, Lester H. Jones, Richard O. Pipkin, Harold R. Call, Leon V. Keding, Gorth R. Holman, Mary G. Wood, Helen D. Oler, Ora Mitchell, Marjorie Bates, Nola Heworth, Nadine Day, Glenn Gwilliam.

Fifth row: Francis M. Rogers, Carl Hadeflie, William Kent Madsen, Joseph M. Smith, Clarence M.

Herzog, Larry Knight Palmer, Marcella L. Brawnell, Lloyd Ray Aston, Emma L. Price.

Sixth row: Imogene Smith, Betty May Painter, Cyrus J. Webber, Jr., A. Rex Hansen, Ralph W. Tolman, Albert Tompkinson, Jr., A. Dean Wengren, Howard C. Searle, Andries J. Heining, George L. Price, Evelyn White, Verna May Thompson, Millie Barney, Sabra Whatcott, Velate Barney, Frona Hilber, John H. Van Wagoner, Herman Offens.

Seventh row: Eda Arlene Knudsen, Dot Dixon, Anthony Ernstom, Earl F. Riding, Leonard Barwick, Adelbert Hatch, James Carless Chapman, Russell Boyce, Clara Broderick, Rave DeFries, Clyda Barton, LaVerne Thompson, Lois Peterson, Preston Glade, J. Emil Jensen, Jenny J. Jensen, Ada Jean Halbrook, Mary J. Curtis, Thomas Leonard Peterson, Heye Hommes.

Eighth row: Emma Jane McBride, Ralph M. Wood, Ralph Rytting, Eva Dean East, Savella H. Strong, Richard P. Lindsey, Lyle S. Hintze, Fanny B. Parrish, Katherine Stanford, Louise LeBaron, Marna LaVay Bailey, Gloria Jessie Dickie, Verna Y. Johnson, Bertha A. Kowallis, Phern May.

Ninth row: Grace Skinner, Dorene Booth, Elaine North, Elaine Brimley, Anna Werne, William Parrish, Nellie Versluis, Leonard Versluis, Joost DeHann, Sarah E. DeHann, Rosalyn J. Carlston, Allie L. Carlston, Gertrude Schnebly, Walter F. Gibbons, Dorothy Skousen, Weston Kerl Hodges, Dean Elwood Salversen, Walter Ted Whison, Lewis Verlaime Larsen.

Tenth row: Mary Lou Skinner, Jean Knudsen,

Florence Paulsen, William Orson Merrell, James Robert Johns, Harding M. Russell, Chris Werner, Fred E. Bell, Zedie J. Judd, Daniel S. Hess, Glade E. Englund.

Eleventh row: Marvin Harter, Glenwood Alberta, Milton Roe, Jr., Paul V. Hyer, Grant Christensen, Sidney P. Clarke, Maurice I. Jones, Orie D. Johnson, Parley W. Newman, Grant Smith.

Twelfth row: Christian Jensen, Owen W. Stout, James A. Newbold, Howard Putnam, Carl Ray Willie, Elbert Sweeten, Robert Handerson, Dick Tracy, Ben H. Davis, Grant E. Brown, F. H. Newman, Melvin Elder, Sylvester R. Walker, Elbert H. Eldredge, Almon Orr Owens.

Thirteenth row: Lars P. Jensen, Grant H. Strong, Perry Bird, J. H. Bell, Jr., Albert Bennett, Jr., Ruel Silas Randall, Russell W. Carruth, Preston G. Redd, Nylan A. Cope, Keith B. Harmon, Lena J. Baron, Wayne H. Badine, Veral Naris Dees.

Fourteenth row: Mark A. Fowler, Sterling W. Clouse, Russell L. Davis, Calvin F. Baron, Willard E. Scott, Charles B. McCurdy, Keith R. Todd, Ralph C. Barlow, Jack W. Pickett.

Fifteenth row: Earl Einauer, Richard D. Nielsen, David C. Jones, Carl E. Cunningham, Quentin R. Nordgren, J. Robert Brimhall, Marvin C. Sharp, Henry James, Reed H. Walker, Junius V. Judy, Jr.

Sixteenth row: Robert B. Hillier, Richard E. Brack, Mark L. Angus, David H. Jensen, Robert Neil McBride, Wilford B. Chase, William Henry Baldwin, Forest J. Squire, Oris G. Black.

EDITORIALS

*"Christmas is for Children" . . .
and for others!*

INDEED, Christmas is for children. Their faces light with the whispered excitement; their eager hearts throb with almost painful expectancy of the long-awaited day. Time drags out endlessly as they count off their list, "A scarf for Grandma; a pin for Mother; bedroom slippers for Dad," and so on, until they've remembered everyone. The wealth of love in their hearts is limitless; their good wishes, unending. Grown-ups, watching this glowing happiness, say, "Oh, I don't care much about Christmas; Christmas is for children, you know," as if the matter ended there.

Christmas likewise is for those grown-ups who have retained or wish to recapture the childlike spirit. That they should do so seems imperative, if they would merit the name of Christian, for Christ said, "Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." On another occasion, he said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

What, then, are the qualities that a child possesses which all should strive to attain? A complete list or analysis would be difficult, but some of the most salient characteristics might well be considered during the Christmas season—and throughout the year.

One of the most noticeable qualities of a child is his frankness. While frankness is not all that comprises honesty, it is a major ingredient—and adults would do well to incorporate it into their own recipe for the good life. There is no dissimulation among children: one knows exactly what a child thinks of him—and usually he knows why. Grown-ups, on the other hand, oftentimes appear to labor to mislead as to the true state of their response to others.

Another quality that is inherent in childhood is their curiosity. This characteristic in children impels them to learn. And their curiosity is endless. Kipling once dedicated one of his books to a child who said

What what what
Why why why
Where where where

This childlike curiosity is ingenuous and open, an honest attempt to learn how the wheels go round in this business of living and a genuine interest in everything and everyone about them. There isn't the back fence type of curiosity that tends to tear down another's standing in the community or destroy another's self-confidence. This wholesome

curiosity in adults is what has led to the innumerable inventions that have brought comfort and joy to the world. At Christmas time all would do well to revive this childlike quality in all that the word "childlike" implies.

The imagination of children accompanies their curiosity. Imagination is a childlike quality that, all too frequently, adults lose. This characteristic enables one to look ahead and see things beyond the everyday, working world. It enables a person who cultivates it correctly, to see the end from the beginning and to pattern his life with a minimum of regrets. It helps him project the results of good actions, the tragedies of bad, and impels him to choose to do right since, through his imagination, he can see that greater happiness lies in electing the good and eschewing the evil.

The friendliness of children is another quality worth cultivating. As folk grow older, the tendency is to narrow the interests and the circle of acquaintanceship to a limited few. Yet the friendliness of Latter-day Saints has become almost proverbial. Surely, during the Christmas season enough of this genuine interest in other people can be captured that it will carry throughout the year. New zest for living will then come—as it is apparent it has come to children.

The simplicity of children is a joy to witness. Unless they have been mistaught by unwise grown-ups, children get great joy from the simplest of activities and a minimum of equipment. Their ingenuity is challenged, and their creative energies begin to work. Too many adults feel the press for more and more while creating less and less. At this Christmas season, grown-ups might well resolve to simplify their living, removing the clutter which tends to eliminate the ability to get down to fundamentals.

Jesus said on another occasion: "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Genuine humility is not easy of attainment. Frequently, what passes for humility is nothing but servility—which is far from the genuine quality that anyone would wish to attain. True humility helps people retain a pride in themselves, making them realize that they possess attributes which make it possible for them to attain great stature and stimulating them to try to reach their greatest stature. True humility has also the quality of recognizing the divinity in others, hence, the complete realization that all men are indeed brothers to each other and to Christ, the author of Christianity. Humility also is insistent on the dependence on someone and beyond finite man. This dependence upon an Eternal Father, infinite in his wisdom, unceasing in his mercy, is the final and full seal of humility.

So, Christmas is for children, and for all who would again become childlike in the qualities that make for true greatness.—M. C. J.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

cxi. Is the Gospel Changing?

DEFINITE principles and ordinances constitute the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. They may be likened to the foundation, supporting walls and roof of a building. They are absolutely unchanging. Any change in them would destroy the structure built upon them.

The first of these principles is faith. It is the beginning of all wisdom. The second is repentance: the sorrow of the man of faith for his past errors, and the resolution to commit them no more. Following these two principles are two ordinances: first, baptism by immersion, the outward sign or witness of a person's readiness to accept Jesus Christ, and to conform to the laws of the gospel; second, the laying on of hands for the reception of the gift of the Holy Ghost, to enlighten, protect, and bless all who enter the Church of Christ. It is the reward to all who by faith, repentance, and obedience prepare themselves for membership in the Church of Christ, whether on earth or in heaven.

These basic, eternal principles and ordinances, approaches to citizenship in the kingdom of God, are made as one by the authoritative priesthood committed to the Church, which on earth holds the gospel in its keeping. Not by a "jot or tittle" may these principles and ordinances be changed. They will ever remain the foundation stones of the Church of Christ.

Then, there are other principles and ordinances designed for those who have won membership in the Church. Such, among others, are the law of sacrifice, temple service for the living and the dead, and missionary work. These are equally permanent. They cannot be changed or abrogated; they are eternal.

This view is verified by the leaders in this dispensation. For example, Joseph Smith said, "[Jesus] set the ordinances to be the same forever and ever."¹ "Ordinances instituted in the heavens before the foundation of the world, in the priesthood, for the salvation of men, are not to be altered or changed."² Brigham Young: "... from the day that Adam was created and placed in the Garden of Eden, to this day, the plan of salvation and the revelations of the will of God to man are unchanging. . . ." John Taylor: "God is unchangeable, so are also his laws, in all their forms, and in all their applications."³ Wilford Woodruff: "The gospel . . . consists of the simple principles taught

by the Savior and contained in the New Testament, which principles never deviate one from another."⁴ Joseph F. Smith: "The principles that underlie the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ are irrevocable, unchanging and unchangeable."⁵

This then is the answer to the question at the head of this article. The gospel is not changing, nor can it change if it is to remain the gospel of Jesus Christ.

However, at various times and in various places people have lived and live under different conditions. In the early days of the restored Church, pioneer conditions prevailed. Nearly all were tillers of the soil or husbandmen. Transportation was by ox or horse team. Communication was by slow mail. Little money was in circulation. Education was not easy to secure.

Today, many members of the Church follow other arts than that of agriculture. The continent is crossed in a few hours by railroad or airplane. By telephone, telegraph, or radio, communication with distant places is accomplished almost instantly. Much money is in circulation. Halls of learning are within reach of everyone.

The gospel, founded in intelligence, must meet such changing conditions. Indeed, could it not do so, it would fail of its saving purpose. It must help all men under every condition. Sometimes changes are required, but only in applications or outward forms. Baptism was first performed in out-of-door ponds, lakes, or streams; now, very often in beautiful fountains in meetinghouses. In earlier days tithing was paid in kind; now, more often the new day makes it simpler for the farmer to sell his crop and pay tithing in cash. Formerly, all missionaries went out without purse or scrip; now, many are obliged because of new conditions to pay their way in the mission field.

Some people, noting such outward changes, fail to recognize that the law itself is not affected. The ordinance is unchanged whether one is baptized in the open or indoors. The law of sacrifice is fully respected whether tithing is paid in kind or in cash. To bear witness of the restoration of the gospel is not dependent upon whether the missionary travels with or without money. Yet, it often happens that thoughtless people confuse eternal, unchanging principles and ordinances with their applications in a changing world.

President Brigham Young understood this condition. At the laying of the cornerstones of the Salt Lake Temple, he told the people that in vision he had seen the completed temple. It would have six towers he said, three at each end. Then he warned those who confuse principles with their applications, "Now do not any of you apostatize because it will have six towers, and Joseph built only one." He understood of course that the sacred temple

(Concluded on page 831)

¹Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p. 168

²Ibid., p. 308

³Discourses of Brigham Young, 1941 Edition, p. 103

⁴The Gospel Kingdom, p. 69

⁵Discourses of Wilford Woodruff, p. 19

⁶Gospel Doctrine, p. 12



Homing



Josephine B. Nichols

Why Not Do It Right?

By Helen Gregg Green

A FRIEND recently came to my door with some tired flowers in my borrowed vase; "I must hurry and get these to you before they completely wilt!"



she announced. Needless to say, I walked to the wastebasket with the flowers which had only a few fresh blossoms.

A neighbor of ours sent another friend of mine a silver compote as a wedding gift. Several months went by; at long

last a printed note arrived, "Thank you for the fine gift!"

She also told the story of receiving from a cousin, an expensive present with the card written by the clerk in the store which mailed it. Last Christmas another costly gift arrived; the only means of identification being the postmark. "A loving note at Christmas means so much," she remarked, "especially from a member of the family!"

Then there are those who can do for others graciously, but who fail to be enthusiastic and appreciative when favors are coming their way. The story is told of a young bride who spent half a day baking a birthday cake for an aunt. Upon delivery of the gift of which she was so proud, the aunt told her: "My dear, I have just bought a birthday cake! What shall I do with two?"

Why spoil the thoughtful girl's pleasure by lack of appreciation? Could she not have passed on the first cake to a tired mother?

A number of years ago I received a thank-you letter from a young friend to whom I had sent several pairs of nylon hose, "It was a wonderful gift," she wrote, "but I don't wear them!" (This was such an amusing incident that it was almost worth the mistake!)

I searched through practically every store in our city to find a dramatic wedding gift. I found a piece of ruby glass which cost more than I had anticipated, but because of its loveliness, and the fact that it was to be sent to the son of a close friend of my husband's, we sent the gift. If the groom's

father had not remarked, "That was a beautiful gift you sent Charles!" we would have had no way of knowing it had reached its destination.

Have you not written letters of congratulation, so happy-you're-engaged letters, replies to wedding announcements, and letters of sympathy that have never been answered? For all one knows, they were never received.

But isn't it much finer and more human to be expressively appreciative? If we are going to live fully and graciously, why not go all the way and do it right?

(P.S. I make mistakes, too!)

Gay Holiday Decorations

By Mabel M. Luke

A GAY holiday decoration is also a clever way to show off your beautiful Christmas cards. Over window curtains drape two rows of Christmas rope, one red and one green, in a swag design across the top and hanging about a foot shorter than the curtains on the sides. With red and green thread fasten your Christmas cards by the corner so they hang about an inch or two apart. If desired you may fasten the cards to only one rope down the sides, but having two rows across the top is effective. (Using last year's cards is best as you can then get your decorations up early.)

In your dinette or informal rooms tie your curtains back with a big bow of red crepe paper and have a shirred red crepe paper valance. Then hang a holly or pine wreath in the window.

Another idea for using Christmas cards for decorating for the holiday season is to fasten them cornerwise around a mirror. (Fasten with glue or a piece of scotch tape.)

Christmas cards you have made yourself are so interesting. Clever cards are made from plain white vellum cards on which is written a verse of appropriate scripture in green, gold or silver ink, and in the corner tie a piece of pine or holly with a red ribbon.



A JOYOUS Christmas to you all, with fruitcake, candies, cookies, and puddings. It just wouldn't be Christmas without sweets to munch on, to pass, and to give. But there's still the sugar problem. Here are some recipes that will help you to make your sugar go a long way, so you won't have to skimp on the Christmas stockings or the gift box for a friend or neighbor.

English Fruitcake

- 1/2 pound butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 5 eggs
- 1 pound seedless raisins
- 1/2 pound currants
- 1/4 pound citron
- 1/4 pound orange and lemon peel
- 1 pound dates
- 1/2 pound walnuts
- 1 cup maraschino or candied cherries
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 cup grape juice

Cream butter. Add sugar and mix until smooth. Add eggs and beat thoroughly. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt, soda, and spices. Add liquid and dry ingredients in thirds, beating after each addition. Add diced fruits and nuts and mix thoroughly. Line baking pans with brown paper and grease the sheet next to the cake batter. Bake at 275° F. for two to three hours, depending on size of cake.

Fig Pudding

- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup chopped suet
- 1 cup chopped figs
- 1 cup chopped raisins

Mix all ingredients together thoroughly. Put into well-greased molds or cans, fill two thirds full and cover tightly. Steam for three hours. Serve with hot sauce.

Christmas Cookies

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar less 2 tablespoons
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Combine shortening, vanilla, and salt. Add sugar and cream well, add eggs one

at a time beating after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients to make a dough stiff enough to handle.

Have ready a small amount of melted, bitter or sweet dipping chocolate, shredded coconut, and pecan or walnut halves. Pinch off bits of dough and roll between palms of the hands into small balls. Place some of the balls on greased cookie sheets, then press flat with tines of fork which have been dipped in the chocolate. Press other balls down into shredded coconut, then place on cookie sheet. Press nutmeat halves into other rolls. Roll out some of the dough, one-fourth inch thick on floured board; cut with cookie cutter into different shapes, as stars, Christmas trees, Santas, and bells. Decorate with pieces of candied fruit or sugar and spices, or after they are baked, decorate with colored frosting.

Bake at 350° F. for twelve minutes.

Coconut Macaroons

1½ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
3 cups (½ lb.) shredded coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix sweetened condensed milk and coconut. Add vanilla. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven 350° F., ten minutes or until delicate brown. Remove from pan at once.

Persian Sweets

1 pound figs
1 pound dates
1 pound walnut meats
powdered sugar

Mix ingredients together and run through food chopper several times. Knead on board dusted with powdered sugar. Make into 1½ inch rolls, slice into pieces when ready to serve, or roll one-fourth inch thick and cut into fancy shapes.

Turkish Lumps

3 cups sugar
½ cup boiling water
4 tablespoons gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 lemon (juice)
1 orange (juice and grated rind)

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Make syrup of sugar and boiling water. When syrup starts to boil, add dissolved gelatin; boil twenty minutes. Before removing from heat add fruit juice and orange rind. Strain in shallow pan and let set for several hours. Cut into inch squares and roll in granulated sugar.

For red and green Christmas candies add a few drops of green vegetable coloring to half of syrup and two drops of peppermint flavoring before straining. To other half of syrup add red coloring and two drops of cinnamon extract before straining.



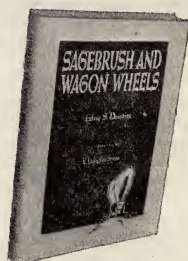
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FOR MY GRANDSON

(Concluded from page 787)

we can't start adoption proceedings until he has been declared abandoned. I sure wish you could see his feet, Dad." Layne illustrated with his hand held down straight. "He hasn't any heels."

The two men talked until midnight, the doctor thankful for the younger man's eager love of life. He thought of casts and bone surgery—and of a second insurance policy he might borrow on if necessary.

In time Layne and Dianna were allowed to take the baby home from the hospital. He was too thin, cried too much. Even with the doctor's help, finding food that agreed with him was very difficult.

One night Layne telephoned to say happily the baby had gained four ounces in one week, his best record.

"That awful soybean milk you recommended is great stuff," Layne said.

In the course of the conversation the doctor asked Layne about his own health.

"I'm always fine," was the answer. "Oh, I did stay home a half a day this week with a pain in my side."

"Which side, Son?"

"Right. Just a strained muscle. I just reached up to pull down a shade, and must have twisted the wrong way. Dianna and I are going on a trip this weekend so we won't be down. We're going to do some hiking above Strawberry Lake. Our neighbor will take care of Billy."

"No, Son, don't do any hiking until you know what caused the pain."

Layne laughed, said his time was up.

HIGH UP in the mountains, far from help, Layne's pain returned. He gritted his teeth, and with Dianna's help reached a farmhouse. When the nearest doctor arrived, it was too late.

"You and Billy must come and live with Mother and me," the doctor said. "Our house is big, and we'll love having you."

Dianna moved around the house silently, pale and beautiful. She cared for Billy's needs indifferently. It was Ellen who bathed the baby, comforted him when he cried, rocked him to sleep at night. Dianna spent most of her time standing by the big front window looking out.

"I loved Layne so much," she said one day, "I would have done anything for him, but I wish he had wanted anything else than to adopt a crippled baby."

The doctor spoke gently. "You know, my dear, the baby is not yours yet, and you alone will not be allowed to adopt him."

Dianna was silent. Then raising her voice she said:

"Nobody will want him. He isn't even cute."

"If Ellen doesn't object, maybe she and I—"

Dianna sighed. Her body trembled, then she faced the doctor with head high. It was as though she had thrown off a great weight.

That night Ellen held the baby in her arms after she had rocked him to sleep. "I think I knew from the moment of Layne's death this would happen, but it's all right. We never failed Layne, did we, Will?"

The doctor twisted a lock of baby hair around his finger.

* * *

The doctor moved, realizing the hard bench was hurting his back. He stood on the corner where he could watch for the little black car with red wheels. In a very few minutes he was opening the car door.

"Hi!" Billy said in welcome.

"Present for you, son," the doctor said happily laying the bag on the seat. Billy smiled broadly as he looked at the box.

"Thanks, Grandpa. They're exactly right. Thanks so much."

Billy told his grandfather about the happenings of the day, as he always did, hesitating when he came to the junior class meeting.

"We're going to order our senior rings now," he explained with a little difficulty, "so that we can have them to wear through the year."

"That's a very good idea."

Billy looked straight ahead. "They cost twelve dollars."

"You can have one, Billy."

"Thanks." Billy sighed, looked into the old man's face. "You know, Grandpa, I'm sixteen. I can get a job this summer. I've been thinking lately it's about time I began paying you back for everything you've done for me."

The doctor relaxed in his corner.

"Once your father talked to me like that."

"Did he, Grandpa? I mean did he pay you back?"

The old man folded his arms, looked down the broad road to the dark hills. "My boy, he paid me back in full."

Let's Talk It Over

(Concluded from page 788)

pressures, creates one set of problems. And if the right answers are found to these, then the question of accurate timing arises. When, exactly, is the right time for anything—for marriage, for selecting one's life work, for going on a mission, for kissing one's girl? When, indeed? And if we subscribe to the admonition to "put first things first," how are we to decide which should be rated "first"? It is not always a case of choosing between right and wrong; sometimes we must choose the better of two rights or even the less of two wrongs.

In addition to the problems faced by all youth, Latter-day Saint youth faces its own peculiar problems incident to being a "peculiar" people. Those principles and rules which bless our lives also, from certain standpoints, complicate them. Occasionally, we find our eyes blinded to the blessings by what seems to us the magnitude of the complications. Conversely, the realization of great privileges and blessings often makes the complications of no importance.

However different the problems of present-day youth, the weight of these problems would be unbearable without some guidance. Maturity is anxious to help. Even if not wholly cognizant of current stresses, maturity can provide encouragement and some instruction in those timeless, unvarying and often misunderstood principles as taught by our Savior Jesus Christ, restored by Joseph Smith, and reiterated by each of his successors.

Through the columns of *The Improvement Era* we should like to discuss some of the urgent problems of youth. Let's try to find the "correct principles" involved. Let's see if we can discover the peculiar meaning of the words, "your generation" its temptations, its triumphs, its blessings. Write to us. Tell us what you think. Let's talk it over!



Advice to a young man with an old problem



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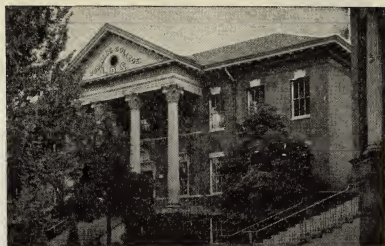
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The Improvement Era

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Books for Christmas

(Concluded from page 795)

BETSY AND THE BOYS

(Carolyn Haywood. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. 1945. 174 pages. \$2.00.)

THE first requirement for a football team is a ball, and the only one the boys had was so old it didn't last very long. When Betsy acquired a football, she suddenly became very popular with the team. This book will delight children from eight to twelve.—E. J. M.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

(Charlotte Steiner. Illustrated. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. \$1.25.)

TOMMY and his little dog Rusty are the main characters of this delightful and beautiful book illustrated in color and written for the youngest members of the family.

The story is told in a gay, intimate style, and has a surprise ending.—E. J. M.

TINKER TIM

(Sanford Tousey. Illustrated. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. 41 pages. \$1.50.)

WHEN TIM was invited to live with Tinker Taylor and work with him, he was happier than he had ever been since the death of his parents, and proved his worth by learning the tinker's trade. The book, which is of interest to all young boys, is packed with action.—E. J. M.

THE MONKEY WITH A NOTION

(Glenn O. Blough. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Company, New York. 1946. 88 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS is a story for young folk but would be enjoyed by the "oldsters" as well, in fact, by anyone who likes pets. It is a lively and humorous story about real animals and real people. Snick, the monkey, is the main character, and there are Reba, the parrot, Hyacinth, the skunk, and Nick and Nack, the lovebirds.

The illustrations in black and white lend much interest.—E. J. M.

THE LOLLYPOP FACTORY AND LOTS OF OTHERS

(Mary Elting. Pictures by Jeanne Bendick. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1946. 95 pages. \$2.00.)

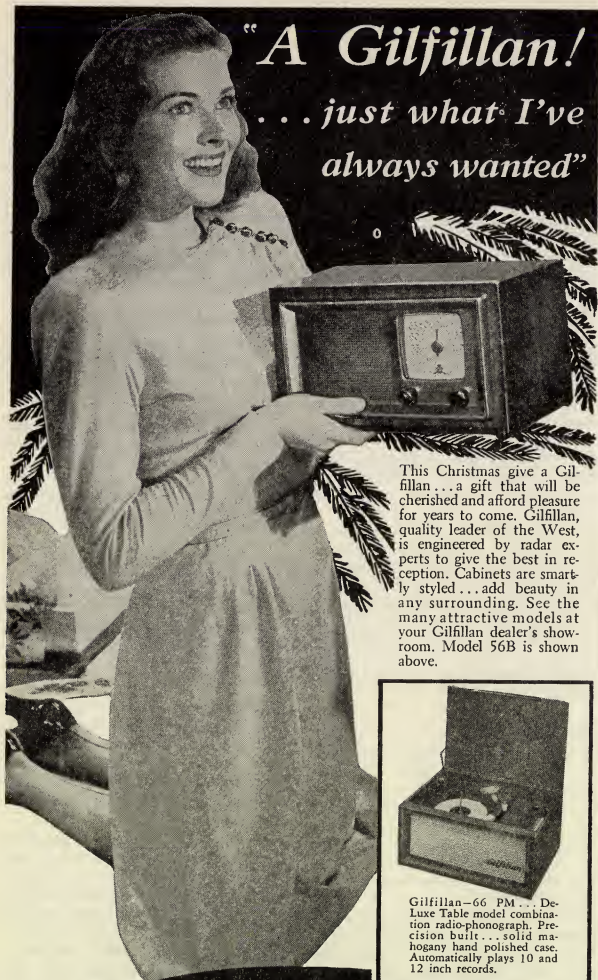
FOR the child of the inquiring mind this book should prove a delightful experience. The author with the aid of the illustrator explains in simple language and picture the processes used in making bottles, pencils, crackers, corks, dolls, ice cream, and of course lollipops.—E. J. M.

THE MAN IN THE MANHOLE AND THE FIX-IT MEN

(Juniper Sage. William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1946. 40 pages. \$1.50.)

THIS, for young children, is the story in blank verse, with intriguing illustrations, of what it takes to keep commonplace things working—lights, telephones, cars, roads, sewers, and houses. It is good entertainment and information for the lower age bracket.—R. L. E.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Continued from page 799)

become the nucleus of a proposed Milard Stake welfare storehouse.

Berkeley Stake

CREATION of the Berkeley Stake, one hundred fifty-ninth such unit of the Church, was accomplished October 13, by a division of the Oakland Stake.

The new stake has a membership of approximately 4,800, which is distributed in the Berkeley, Claremont, East Richmond, Martinez, Napa, Pittsburg, Richmond, and Vallejo wards and the Walnut Creek Branch.

President of the Berkeley Stake is Wilford Glenn Harmon, formerly the first counselor of the Oakland Stake. President Harmon's counselors are Wayne E. Mayhew and Dr. Emery R. Ranker.

Remaining in the Oakland Stake are the Oakland, Alameda, Dimond, Elmhurst, Hayward, and Maxwell Park wards, with a combined membership of 4,250.

President Eugene Hilton remains as the president of the Oakland Stake. His counselors are Delbert F. Wright, formerly his second counselor, and Angus H. Norberg, his former stake clerk.

Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Clifford E. Young, assistant to the Council of the Twelve, effected this organization and reorganization.

Berkeley Institute

THE Institute of Religion building at 2368 LeConte Street, Berkeley, California, a half-block from the famous campus, was dedicated October 14, by Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve. Also speaking at the dedicatory services was Dr. Franklin L. West, Church commissioner of education.

There are about two hundred seventy-five Latter-day Saint students registered at the University of California, and about half of these are already using institute facilities to good advantage.

New Wards

WEBSTER WARD, Park Stake, has been formed from part of the Salt Lake City Tenth Ward, with Norman H. Martin as bishop.

Redlands Ward, San Bernardino Stake, has been created from an independent branch, with LeVerne M. Hansen as bishop.

Salt Lake Region Report

IN mid-September the nineteen stakes of the Salt Lake welfare region reported on their canning operations to date, as follows:

Vegetables, 134,000 cans; fruits, 16,000 cans; pork and beans, 32,000 cans; pork with beans, 10,000 cans; milk, 68,000 cans; milk, 88,000 quarts.

It was reported at the same time that 373,600 cans of fruits and vegetables had been canned by quorums and other groups during the current season.

The region has purchased additional property adjacent to the coal yard in Salt Lake City, where adequate space is now provided for the storing of coal. Loading and unloading equipment is now on order for this coal yard.

Sons of Utah Pioneers Auto Trek

TENTATIVE plans have been announced by the Sons of the Utah Pioneers for a centennial auto caravan to travel from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake City next summer. The caravan, according to plans, will arrive in Salt Lake City July 22, and will contain as many vehicles as the original group—seventy-three—and that the party will be made up of 145 men, three women, and two children, representing the personnel of the original company. There the similarity will end. The first of the exiles left Nauvoo a century ago in February 1846—the vanguard of the Utah Pioneers entered Salt Lake valley July 22, 1847. This commemorative auto caravan is planned to take only eight days from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City.

Welfare Projects

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD quorums of Salt Lake City's Pioneer Stake rallied around the suggestion of the stake presidency and each donated a white-faced Hereford calf, which now form a nucleus of a cattle herd on the stake welfare farm.

Benson Stake, in northeastern Utah, has an agreement whereby milk is taken from its welfare farm to a privately operated cheese factory and the equivalent, less cost of manufacture, is turned back to the stake as cheese, an assignment in the Church welfare program.

The two welfare regions comprising the Salt Lake valley (Salt Lake and Jordan valley regions), have embarked on a soil conservation and erosion control program for their agricultural holdings.

Mt. Pleasant Hospital

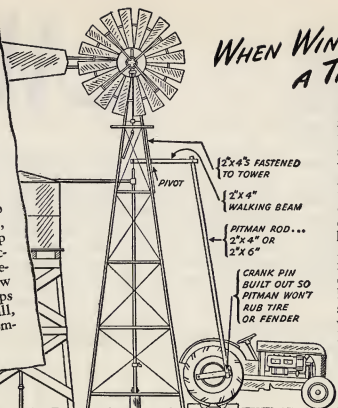
BLUEPRINTS have been drawn, and funds have been collected, to build a \$100,000 twenty-five-bed hospital at Mt. Pleasant, Utah, as soon as building conditions are more favorable. Manti, Monroe, and North Sanpete stakes have raised approximately half the proposed cost, which amount will be matched by the Church.

(Continued on page 820)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

IDEAS from a neighbor's farm

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports (not necessarily endorses) his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody, including us. After all, more than a third of our customers are farm folks.

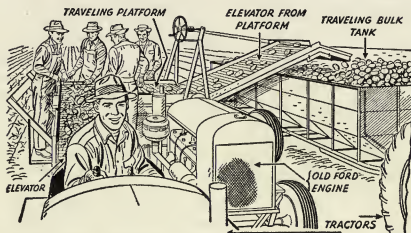


WHEN WIND WON'T PUMP A TRACTOR WILL

Charles Brown of Goodnight, Texas, worked out this emergency pumping arrangement to keep his water tank full on windless days. He uses a tractor for power, but points out that a truck can do job equally well. As sketch here shows, walking beam is pivoted on 2" x 4"s fastened to windmill tower. Inner end of walking beam is connected with sucker rod, the outer end with a long pitman rod. Pitman is pivoted to crank pin bolted to tractor wheel. Wheel that works pump is jacked up, opposite wheel is blocked on ground.

ARMY TRUCK CONVERTED TO FARM TROUBLE SHOOTER

This ex-Army truck has been fitted out by H. L. Sanborn of Meridian, California, to solve a host of ranch problems. Equipped with a winch on front and 4-wheel drive, the truck had the makings of a portable power plant to start with. With addition of a crane at the rear, and angle irons over the top, Sanborn is able to hoist the engine out of a tractor for servicing, lift a hog or steer for butchering. Body of truck carries tools and acetylene welding gas for on-the-spot repair work on tractors, combined harvesters and bank-out rigs. Truck also serves as tow car.



NEW MACHINE HARVESTS POTATOES WITHOUT STOOP LABOR

Frank Bell, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, seems to have built a practical machine to gather potatoes without stoop labor. Bell started building potato elevators, for himself and his neighbors, in 1936. Next year he built an experimental sacker. Finally he built the bulk potato harvester or combine you see in action here. Bell powers his harvester with an old Ford engine. Bulk truck and potato combine travel alongside in the field at harvest time. As potatoes are dug and raised to a traveling platform, men riding on the vehicle sort out vines and clods. Bulk tank catches potatoes as they come up elevator from platform on harvester.

A GOOD SAFEWAY IDEA IS...CUSTOMER'S CHOICE

In old-fashioned food stores customers waited for their orders to be "made up" by clerks. They weren't allowed to go "behind the counter," and had to take pretty much what was handed out. Prices, of course, were marked up to cover the cost of extra store help required.

Safeway's modern idea of self-service in grocery stores saves money for customers, because less handling is required. What's more, each customer can shop around freely, examine all merchandise before purchase, compare brands, and choose exactly the kind and amount desired. Since Safeway's plan makes food buying easier, people naturally buy more...thus increasing demand for all the good foods farmers grow.

- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs
- Safeway buys regularly, offering producers a steady market; when purchasing from farmers Safeway accepts no brokerage, directly or indirectly
- Safeway pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes
- Safeway stands ready to help move surpluses
- Safeway sells at lower prices, made possible by direct, less costly distribution...so consumers can afford to increase their consumption

SAFEWAY — the neighborhood grocery stores



This Christmas

THIS Christmas, as always on Christmas, there will be on the mantelpieces, in window displays, in elaborate yard and hall decorations, the star over Bethlehem shedding light upon a lowly manger—the cradle of the infant Jesus. Bowing humbly before him will be those who have brought their gifts and have come to worship Israel's newborn King. Such was the first Christmas, as heralded by angels' voices singing, "Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men" and "Glory to God in the Highest."

In the world 'round about the manger were deceit, intrigue, lust, greed, superstition, and many forms of corruption, while in the manger lay the divine messenger of all truth and righteousness, the conqueror of death and hell.

The great power of Satan was manifested in devious ways and in many places, but here in the manger lay He who was to overcome all evil and to open the way for man likewise to overcome. Here lay the "Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh" who was to bear off the kingdom of God triumphantly.

The wicked Herod, fearing loss of power and his throne, sought after the child Jesus that he might kill him, but the day had not come for his death. The doctrine of the kingdom was to be revealed, Christ's Church established; his chosen Twelve, the Seventy, and others, were to be sent forth to administer the gospel, and his preparation for the salvation of men was to be completed. Not until then would he be taken by sinful men, shamefully abused, nailed to the cross between thieves, laid away in the sepulchre, yielded by the sepulchre on the third day—and stand forth "the resurrection and the life."

Ever since the first Christmas, the "truth and righteousness" of the manger has been pleading with the people, yet many have been overcome by the clever machinations of him who is an enemy to Christ and has sought continually to carry off the kingdom to his own honor, glory, and selfish ends.

The vision of the manger is again before us today. Light and truth are to be found there, and there alone. As in yesteryears there abound on every hand the evil influences of Satan, and as then, many, though professedly looking toward the light, are not being warmed by it; neither are they worshipping him who is "the Father of lights" from whom cometh "every good gift and every perfect gift" and "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." (See James 1:17.) Many now, as then, have not come to

Melchizedek

an understanding of the great significance of our Savior's life and mission. Some now, as then, are not willing to pay the price in sacrifice and obedience that full acceptance of him requires. Some now, as then, deny him; some acknowledge him only as a great teacher. Yet, to those "who walk in the light, as he is in the light," he is the son of God, the "resurrection and the life," and his blood cleanseth them from all sin.

The priesthood body of the Church of Christ has been called to act in his name, to speak in his name, and to bear faithful witness of him, that men might believe in him, accept his offering to them . . . and be saved by him. This priesthood, and these blessings he offered men while he sojourned in the flesh, but he was rejected, even by his own. The relatively few who accepted him and were commissioned by him were likewise rejected, and the blood of the Saints has long cried from the ground against the persecutors of the righteous.

The conflicting influences abroad in the land have all had their effect upon the manner in which the more than nineteen hundred Christmases since, have been observed.

Today there are those to whom it is a day for thanksgiving, worship and the giving of gifts, the natal day of our Lord and Savior. There are those to whom it is a day for the giving and receiving of gifts but without much thought given to the great meaning of gift giving. To some it is a day for ex-

1946 CONFIDENTIAL ANNUAL REPORTS

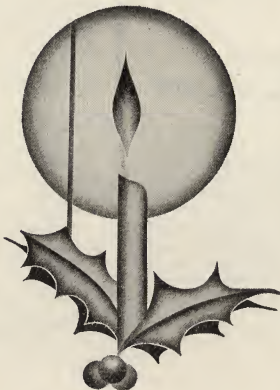
THE confidential annual reports will be due in the office of the general priesthood committee, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, by January 15, 1947. To get them in on time will require the full cooperation of all concerned in their preparation.

We urge all presidents of quorums to complete their personal interviews, and make their quorum reports promptly to the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee. We urge the stake committee also upon receipt of quorum reports to complete their records promptly so that they will be in on time. A preliminary checkup by the stake committees now with presidents of quorums may help insure completion of reports in proper season.

cesses and hilarity with no thought paid to the origin of Christmas or its deep significance to mankind, a day for wine-bibbing, "partying" and relaxation of normal and proper restraints. The priesthood body of this Church and the Saints generally, should preserve the deep significance of this holy day.

The great meaning of the mission of our Savior again has been revealed. The restoration of the gospel in its fullness and the re-establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ has been effected. The birth, the sacrifice, and the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ are solemn realities. He has revealed himself from heaven in this day, and the Father has declared him to be "My Beloved Son." There also have been sent from his holy presence, messengers who have declared further his will, and restored the authority of the "Holy Priesthood after the Order of the Son of God," the authority necessary and requisite to administer the gospel and its saving ordinances to the inhabitants of the world.

Would it not be most fitting on this, and every Christmas day, for the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and particularly those bearing the Holy Priesthood, to spend the day in thanksgiving, giving of good gifts, and in the true spirit of worship? Might it not well be a day for



Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; CHARLES A. CALLIS, HAROLD B. LEE, SPENCER W. KIMBALL, EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MCKAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS

PRIESTHOOD COURSE OF STUDY FOR 1947:

Church History and Modern Revelation

THE November issue of *The Improvement Era*, and periodic issues of the *Deseret News Church Section*, carried the announcement of the 1947 course of study for the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums. The course will be *Church History and Modern Revelation*. The text for this year will be Volume I of the *Documentary History of the Church* by the Prophet Joseph Smith. The outline for the course was prepared by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve.

Distribution of both text and outline will be made through the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, and its agencies. Requests for the book and outline should be made directly of them. It is hoped that both will be available about December 15, 1946, and orders will be filled in the order of their receipt.

The Volume I of the *Documentary History of the Church* is being made available by the Church at \$1.50 and the outline at 25 cents, both at cost of printing and handling. Order early. Send money with order.

building faith in the hearts of our children and neighbors, helping them to a true concept and deeper significance of Christmas? The world will not comprehend fully nor understand the true spirit of Christmas day until the priesthood of this Church carries the great message to them. Would it not be appropriate on this day for each member of the priesthood to rededicate his life to the cause of truth—the cause for

which our Father in heaven sent and gave his only Begotten Son? More than most seem aware, this great responsibility and glorious opportunity rests upon the priesthood of the Church—collectively and individually. Why not, through devotion to righteous principles, let each priesthood bearer make this his most joyous Christmas by remembering the deep significance of the mission of the child Jesus.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

(Conducted by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill)

A Living Example

“PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is Canada's most blessed province. It has no unemployment, and very little poverty. Though it permits divorce and has a divorce court provided for, only one divorce was granted in sixty years. There are no highwaymen, no gangsters, no commercialized vice, no real crime problem, and no penitentiary. There are only thirteen policemen for its ninety thousand population, and it has had no execution in forty years. . . . Its per capita savings rank proportion-

ately greater than in any other Canadian province, and for its size, it has more railways, more post offices, more telegraph lines than any other province. It is estimated that there are over ten thousand motorcars on the island, and the roads are winding and dangerous, yet in some years there are as low as two motorcar accidents.

“Is Prince Edward Island heaven? There must be some catch in all this. No; it is simply that the Islanders adopted prohibition of the beverage alcohol traffic many years ago (1900);

“BEHOLD, THE FIELD IS WHITE . . .”

By Mona Wilson

IT was the funeral director who made the request. There was a man who had died, and they wanted our Church to “put on the funeral” for him far out on the eastern shores of North Carolina. (They really said “put on,” as though a funeral were to them a dramatic production.)

At Elizabeth City, Branch President Arthur McPherson consented, as branch presidents invariably do, assured of the help of local members and the two missionaries, Sisters Ida Nelson and Mona Wilson, who were stationed there. Also a former missionary, Elder Lyle J. Smart, U.S.N., of Sandy, Utah, secured permission to attend.

We had learned that the man had been a Seventh-Day Adventist and that he was a veteran of World War I. We heard, too, that the church was undenominational and that it was without a minister. It was on Church's Island, at a place known as Waterlily. That's about all we knew; and our ride there was curiously solemn, with a feeling of quiet expectancy filtering in and underneath the conversation.

The chapel stood alone, scarcely a block from the water's edge. Far out at sea was the outline of a lighthouse against the sky. There were a few houses along the road, and we had passed fishing boats quietly at anchor. In the churchyard was a cemetery, centuries old. Even the very air seemed washed and clean.

The chapel had been painted a gleaming white. Inside, the walls of natural-finish wood were studded with kerosene wall lamps. The people were proud of their little church building, and proud, too, of their organ. What if it was seldom used and hard to pump, it had a lovely tone.

The ladies' quartet sang, “O, My Father,” and the speakers were Brother John N. Keaton, Elder Smart, and
(Concluded on page 815)

believe in and practise it, and have let it work out its own consequences.”—*The Voice*, quoting from *Signs of the Times* (Canada).

Why This Column Is Abbreviated

IN this issue of *The Improvement Era*, we have greatly abbreviated this column in order to give space for the excellent article entitled “The Menace of Moderation,” originally published by *The Christian Century*, Chicago. We recommend the study of this article to all *Era* readers. See page 783.

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY JANUARY 1947

NOTE: *This course of study is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric for presentation during the monthly meeting of the ward youth leadership to be conducted by the bishopric in each ward. Members of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee and of the ward committee for Latter-day Saint girls are expected to attend this meeting.*

REVIEW

A PHYSICIAN has at his command a large fund of knowledge. The key to its effective use is a correct diagnosis of the patient. The doctor must understand his patient or his medical practice may do more harm than good.

We leaders of youth have in our hearts a fine appreciation of the gospel of Jesus Christ. At our disposal, too, is a Church program for boys and girls. But, unless we can diagnose boys and girls—their nature and their life-situations—our knowledge of the gospel and our program of the Church may miss the mark, may fail to register effectively in their lives.

Such has been our point of view during the past year in preparing discussions topics for youth leadership meetings. We have tried to make ourselves more people-conscious and not to permit ourselves to get lost in subject matter or in a program.

The following are some of the needs of boys and girls we have discussed: (They are worth a review and should be kept in mind as we proceed this year into new fields.)

1. **Security**—Everyone needs to feel safe and secure in life. This feeling is won in many ways, through health, economic well-being, and especially by a sense of belongingness—a feeling of being needed, wanted, and loved by other human beings; through faith in life, in fellow men and in God, and through a testimony of the gospel.
2. **New Experience**—This is just the opposite of security. Each of us, and especially boys and girls, likes adventure, excitement, surprise, and the novel in life. We have this need satisfied through play, learning, creativeness, pursuit of hobbies, and even through mischief, crime, destructiveness, carefree, reckless, and even sinful living.

APPLICATIONS FOR AWARDS

OFFICIAL application blanks have now been mailed to all stake chairmen and bishops who have ordered them from the Presiding Bishop's office. Only these blanks are to be used when applying for any of the awards in connection with the Aaronic Priesthood and the Latter-day Saint girls' programs.

Full instructions appear on the application blanks and should be carefully studied before applying for awards either on a quorum, group, or individual basis in either program.

ing, when wholesome activities are not available to us.

3. **Recognition**—Each of us desires self-respect. We want to feel that we have a place in the sun, that we are real persons. We gain this feeling through achievement of all kinds, through praise and encouragement, friends and love, integrity, and through response from people, nature, art, and God.

The principles of the gospel, correctly interpreted and lived, will help boys and girls satisfy these basic needs. The program of the Church is likewise planned to bring happiness and satisfaction here and now to people, as well as exaltation in the kingdom of God hereafter. Therefore, as we work in the Church and teach the gospel, let us be people-conscious and boy-and-girl-minded. Let us think of them as children of God and also as human beings with very real desires and with definite interests.

PREVIEW

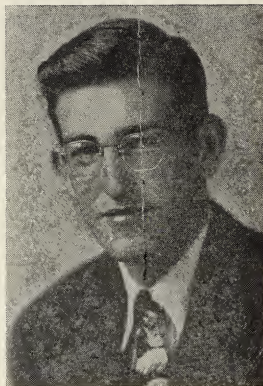
In the coming year in this column we shall deal with problems of youth as they relate to gospel living, Church activity, and to their lives in general.

Questions

1. What are the problems of youth?
2. What can we as Latter-day Saint leaders of youth do to help solve them?

Each month we shall tackle a single problem, analyze it, and suggest a course of action in relationship to it.

A Challenging Record



ROBERT WEST

ROBERT is a priest in the Pleasant Grove First Ward, Timpanogos Stake. It is reported that since his ordination as a deacon five years ago, he has attended every sacrament meeting held in his ward, has qualified each year for the Individual Certificate of Award, and is an Eagle Scout.

Keep climbing, Robert, and get as many to climb with you as possible.

We invite you to send us your problems and also any solutions you have found to these problems.

The following are some sample problems and issues we plan to discuss with you during the coming year.

Problems

1. What can we do to make attendance at sacrament meetings more attractive to boys and girls?
2. What is the extent and what are the causes of juvenile delinquency?
3. What can Latter-day Saint leaders of youth do to help decrease the amount of and to prevent juvenile delinquency?
4. To what extent do Latter-day Saint youth marry outside the Church? What can be done to decrease the number of such marriages?
5. What can we do for youth to lessen divorce among members of the Church?
6. How can Latter-day Saint youth leaders guide and help boys and girls in their vocational choices and callings? (Concluded on opposite page)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Ward Teaching

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY HENRY G. TEMPEST.

The Authority of a Ward Teacher

(Excerpts from the conference address of Elder Hyrum M. Smith of the Council of the Twelve, October 1911.)

"THE authority of the priesthood gives him [the ward teacher] the right to ask questions of the family as to their diligence in keeping the commandments of the Lord, as to their faithfulness in performing the duties that the gospel enjoins upon them. The teacher has the right to inquire into everything pertaining to the welfare and standing of the people who call themselves Latter-day Saints. He may ask them if they live in peace together, if there is love and affection existing between husband and wife, if there is proper affection and love in the father and the mother for the children, and whether or not the children respect and honor their fathers and their mothers, as the Lord has commanded. He may inquire if the children live together in love and peace as brothers and sisters ought to live, and if the family engages in prayer night and morning; and if the parents teach their children to pray vocally, and believe in and remember their secret prayers, as commanded in the revelations of the Lord. He may inquire of the Saints if they backbite or speak evil of their neighbors, or of one another, or if there is quarreling or contention, or dissension and lack of brotherly love and kindness exhibited in the family, or on the part of members of the family towards their neighbors and friends. He may inquire if the Saints sustain and uphold the priesthood of God, and those whom the Lord has called to preside as General Authorities in the Church, or as the local authorities in stake and ward or branch; whether or not they accept the restoration of the gospel and believe in it and believe in the prophets who have been inspired and raised up to perform the work the Lord has allotted them in the latter days; and whether or not they accept the organization of the Church. The teacher may inquire of the family if they attend their sacrament meetings on the Sabbath day and partake of the sacrament, and if they do so worthily; and if they honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy. These servants of the

Ward Teachers' Messages Discontinued

EACH month for many years past there has appeared, on this page, the Ward Teachers' Message for the ensuing month. The message has also been printed in leaflet form and supplied for the personal use of ward teachers in making their monthly visits.

Hereafter, there will be no such message appearing on this page, neither will the leaflets be supplied as heretofore.

Ward teachers are now expected to go into the homes of the Saints prepared to teach as the Spirit of the Lord may suggest and as the revelations direct (see D. & C. 20:53-55). This will require some advance preparation and careful thought looking to the individual status and needs of members to be visited. This procedure should go far beyond the limitations which have developed, in many reported instances, by merely reading the leaflets heretofore supplied or leaving the leaflet for the family to read.

Lord may also inquire if there are members in the family who take the name of the Lord in vain; if they are honest, and if they are truthful, and if they are pure. All these things the teacher has the right to inquire about, and it is his duty to inquire about them."

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

(Concluded from opposite page)

7. What are the recreational interests of youth today?
8. Wherein does the recreational program of the Church appeal? Fail to appeal?
9. What are the criteria of a good recreational program for Latter-day Saint youth?
10. How can an adult win the friendship and confidence of a boy or girl?
11. What are the qualifications of a Latter-day Saint youth leader? Let's take stock of ourselves.

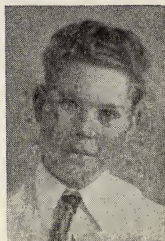
Suggestions to Discussion Leader

1. Place the three needs on a blackboard—security—new experience—recognition.
2. List ways of satisfying these needs under each one.
3. After projecting the theme for discussion this year, *Problems of Youth*, invite those present to state what they think are their problems.

Youth Speaks

WHY I APPRECIATE BEING A WARD TEACHER

(Excerpts from a talk given by Gail Stevens, a teacher in the Southgate Ward, South Salt Lake Stake.)



GAIL
STEVENS

BEING a ward teacher has given me a desire to learn more about the gospel, and to improve myself, and make it my duty as a Latter-day Saint to live my religion. The gospel as embraced by the Latter-day Saints, prompts me to seek after knowledge. There is no other people more eager to see, hear, learn, and understand the truth. I have learned many truths, and gained a knowledge of the gospel, that has helped me to plan better my life for the future. Our religion is not contracted, but is calculated to expand the minds of the children of men and increase their intelligence. Through ward teaching I have increased my understanding of the gospel. It is to me a mission at home. When I reach the proper age, I hope to fill a mission to a foreign land, and ward teaching will have given me a great deal of the training and experience that I will need. When I go into the homes of strangers and the people I know, I observe the way they live and the manner in which they accept the gospel of Jesus Christ. There are many things to learn as a ward teacher. Therefore, it is a privilege to labor in that capacity. It will better qualify me to be an efficient missionary. It has taught me humility, and that I shall never see the time when I shall not need to learn, nor when there will not be an objective to be gained. This will add to my knowledge and increase my ability, and thus enable those I teach, to gain a better knowledge of the gospel.



Genealogy

The CONSTANT VIGIL

By DORIS DALBY WHITE

Charles Cuthers

By John Cuthers

AT a special ward genealogical meeting sponsored by the ward genealogical committee, I was assigned to give a short talk on my ancestry, in connection with a display of one heirloom, or more, together with a brief history of these heirlooms.

As a fitting preliminary I held up a family heirloom—a vest worn by Charles Cuthers on the day of his marriage in 1871 to Sarah Hopewell who, five years later, became my mother.

The following narration, except the dates of temple ordinances, was told to me by my maternal grandmother, and a record of this was kept by me, in the fervent hope it would prove beneficial to me, and to others, in the days that were to come:

Charles Cuthers was born at Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, England, on July 7, 1852. He was of Scotch descent. For a livelihood, he entered the hosiery manufacturing trade at a very early age, and later became an expert in this particular field. While following his chosen employment, a young lady, also a garment worker, named Sarah Hopewell, attracted his attention, with whom he fell in love. His love was reciprocated by Sarah, but Sarah was a "Mormon," and her mother was also a "Mormon."

Somewhat disinterested in the religions of that day, that is, the religions he was conversant with, but fully determined to win the girl of his choice, he consented to attend a Latter-day Saint meeting. At that meeting, a "Mormon" elder with a long, flowing beard, and garbed in a long frock coat, delivered a stirring and earnest address on the following scriptural text:

Jesus answered them, and said, My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. (John 7:16, 17.)

At the conclusion of the discourse, Charles Cuthers was intensely interested. His heart was attuned to the teachings which he had so understandingly heard. That night he sought the Lord in prayer. It had been so long since he had prayed, he had almost forgotten how to pray. He also sought more information concerning the latter-day gospel. He was finally baptized and

confirmed on November 20, 1870, by Elder Alfred Wright. He married Sarah Hopewell the following year.

He specialized in secretarial work for the Church. Some of the records he compiled are now in the Church Historian's office. These records were delivered from my charge, as branch clerk, in England, in the year 1897, into the custody of the late assistant Church historian, Andrew Jensen, at Brother Jensen's request. In addition to secretarial work for the Church, he labored untiringly as a local missionary. Through his constant desire to spread the truth, the enemies of the Church sought his life. While returning home from a street meeting, in the spring of 1879, he was ambushed by anti-"Mormons," and was beaten so severely that he finally succumbed to the injuries received from this brutal attack. His death occurred April 8, 1879. Sarah Hopewell Cuthers died June 21, 1882. They sleep side by side, in Saint Mary's churchyard, which is located in one of the most picturesque countrysides within the confines of the Nottingham District, in the British Mission.

He was endowed in the Salt Lake Temple November 1, 1912, as, also, was my mother. At that time, they were also sealed in accordance with the celestial law of marriage. Their children, five in all, are also sealed to them.

Note from Archibald F. Bennett

General Secretary, Genealogical Society

WE have a request from Dr. Max Wetterwald, Leimenstr. 56, Basel, Switzerland, which we would like to have you include in the *Era*:

"Some time ago we corresponded with each other. At that time I was seeking information concerning persons by the name of Wetterwald in America. In your reply you deplored the fact that you could not give me positive results. Since then I have continued my genealogical research, and at present since the war is over, I would like again to try to find those persons of my family who emigrated to America.

"I would like the following to be publicized: I am searching for bearers of the surname Wetterwald. Please send information to The Genealogical Society, 80 North Main, Salt Lake City, 1, Utah.

"I hope to find more information concerning the Wetterwalds who emigrated to America or to discover their descendants."

This precious thing was given me—
A constant vigil will I keep
And guard it—ever valiantly.

THE most unfortunate thing that can happen to a "Mormon" boy or girl is to lose his or her identity—that is, the identity of being a "Mormon."

As time goes on, we become more and more associated with people outside our Church. Their ideas and ideals infiltrate ours, and sometimes it is difficult for us to retain a proper sense of values. That is why now, as never before, we must keep a constant vigil—a vigil to uphold, guard, and cherish those ideals which we hold so dear.

Our Church has taken so definite a stand on matters which others may deem unimportant. Among other things, it has said we should not drink liquor; we should not smoke, we should not drink tea or coffee.

A "Mormon" once attended a banquet where men of many different beliefs were assembled. As a gesture of conviviality, a cocktail was served before dinner. Two men stood apart from the others, and one, knowing there was a "Mormon" present, turned to his friend and said, "See that man over there? He is a 'Mormon.' 'Mormons' don't believe in drinking cocktails. Watch him, he'll turn his down." With amused interest, his friend replied, "I'll bet he doesn't. He won't want to appear conspicuous." But the other man was certain, "'Mormons' just don't drink," he said.

They watched. The "Mormon," unaware that for the moment he represented the entire Church, unaware that someone was judging all members by what he would do in the next few moments, unfortunately took the cocktail and drank it. By so doing, he let down, not only himself, but the whole Church in the eyes of the two men who were watching.

WHEREVER we are—whatever we do—we represent the Church. Even if we would like to, we cannot get away from that fact. It is a constant vigil to keep the reputation of our Church high in the eyes of the people of the world. In our hands has been placed a sacred trust. People died that we might enjoy the blessings of our Church. We are not called upon to die for it—we are called upon to live for it.

Some believe that by throwing our cherished ideals to the winds, they gain

emancipation; that by disregarding our standards, by smearing that which we hold dear and sacred, they take on a new aura of intelligence. I have yet to see the person who gains a greater happiness by selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

We mortals do not gain the ultimate in perfection quickly. It is a long, hard road. The gospel of Jesus Christ is not easily lived. Because we have set our standards high, it requires a constant vigil—an unceasing effort on the part of every Church member to live his religion wherever he is or whoever he may be.

"Behold, the Field is White"

(Concluded from page 811)

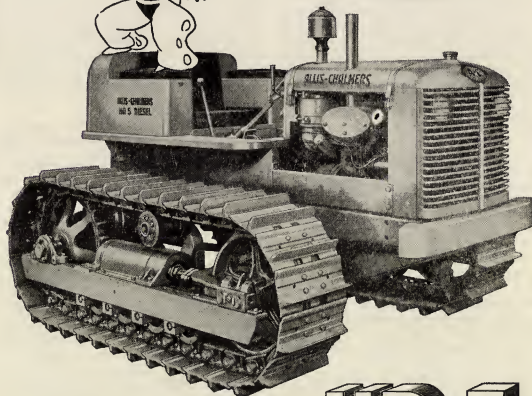
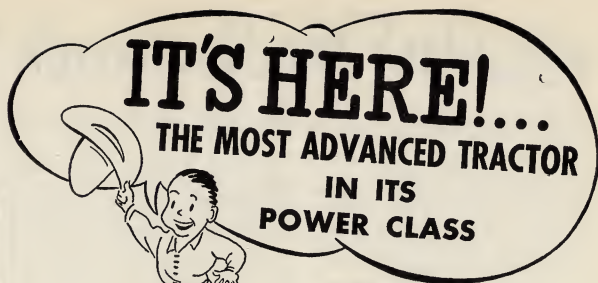
Brother McPherson. It was thrilling to sit there, watching the faces of those people hearing the gospel for the first time. They were a kindly people, fishermen, with years of toil etched on their tanned faces. I thought of their lives on that tiny, isolated island, their patterns of living that were interesting concatenations of events—uncharted and unheralded. Here they had met to hear a formal, last good-bye to their friend and neighbor. Instead, they were hearing the astonishing words:

"We are all brothers and sisters. We shall live again and go on to eternal progression."

They heard it from the lips of Brother Keaton who had never met them but who talked their simple language. They heard it from young Brother Smart in a sailor's uniform and a G.I. haircut. They heard it from Brother McPherson who spoke with great depth of understanding and love for his fellow men. It was all so new to them, yet so simple and convincing.

The closing song, "Though Deepening Trials," was especially effective. At the cemetery we sang again, and the grave was dedicated. Then we dispersed, and the people stayed around in groups—eager to talk and yet restrained. We talked with as many as we could, told them again the name of the strange Church which taught such amazing doctrines in such an amazing way. None of them had ever attended a "Mormon" service before, few of them had ever heard of the Church. They eagerly accepted the few tracts we had with us, and invited us to return again.

As we left these friendly people, we felt sure that when the time comes that traveling elders can visit Waterlily, they will find many friends there. They will find people who are hungering for their message.



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On The Bookrack

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

(Vilhjahnur Stefansson. The Macmillan Company, New York. 339 pages. \$3.50.)

MEAT THREE TIMES A DAY

(F. J. Schlink and M. C. Phillips. Richard R. Smith, New York. 194 pages. \$2.50.)

THE thesis of these two books is that man may live on meat alone. How comfortably and how long he may live on a purely meat diet is not discussed.

Dr. Stefansson argues from the experiences of primitive peoples, especially the Eskimos. His book, as would be expected from so honest and capable a student, is thoroughly scientific in structure and method, and is good reading. His numerous quotations from human history are especially interesting reading aside from the central theme of the book. After reading the five enthusiastic chapters, out of thirteen in the book, about pemican, the feeling remains that civilization is leaving a precious food item out of his dietary.

Schlink and Phillips write as if they have an ax to grind with someone, a purpose not quite explained. Thirteen illustrations grace the book, but nine of them are reproductions of hotel and other menus loaded down with meat dishes. That weakens the argument, for unfortunately what men do is not always for their best. Tobacco and alcohol advertisements of the day do not prove that these substances are for human good.

There is really nothing new in these books. It has long been known that, when necessary, meat protein may perform a double duty. It will supply the protein requirements of the body, and may also be "burned" within the body to maintain body heat.

The best knowledge of the day points to such use of meat protein as wasteful and injurious over the years, if health and long life are desired. It may be observed that Stefansson in his year of living on meat alone did not depend on lean muscle, but drew the major part of the diet from fat.

Both authors call attention to the physiological evils that have come to primitive peoples when they have changed from their old mode of living to the white man's diet. But both have missed the essential cause of this effect. Civilized man has turned in the last century or two to the use of refined or "cured" foods—white flour, sugar, starch, preserved meats, etc.—from which have been removed the indispensable minerals and vitamins. It is the lack of these essential nutrients that lies at the bottom of most of our "civilized" diseases.

Modern science, present propaganda to the contrary, agrees (see *The Improvement Era*, January 1943, page 14) with the practice of most of the readers of the *Era* that meat should be eaten "sparingly."—J. A. W.

FAMILY ETERNAL

(Roy A. West. Bookcraft Company, Salt Lake City. 1946. 218 pages. \$2.25.)

THINKING people everywhere understand that social welfare depends on family happiness. But the many books on courtship and marriage are content to let family association end with mortal life, and therefore they hunt about helplessly for some doctrine that will lift modern marriage out of its morass of failures. This book, as its title implies, supplies this missing ideal. Around the conception of the family as an eternal relationship, is woven a most ex-

cellent discussion of family problems. First, several of the twenty-two chapters are devoted to the period of courtship; then follow problems of marriage and parenthood. Family concerns are given attention—along with economic, social, educational, religious, and others. Several chapters consider family disorganization, delinquency, and divorce.

The book is comprehensive in its field. The discussions are sane, practical, and touched everywhere by the gospel spirit. The author has done a very good piece of work in the preparation of this volume, which should be helpful to all who contemplate marriage or who have already found their mates. The book is one of the very few discussing courtship and marriage from the "Mormon" point of view.—J. A. W.

THE MASTER'S ART

(Dr. Howard R. Driggs. Deseret Sunday School Union. 1946. 326 pages. \$1.25.)

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is essentially a teaching institution. It bears witness to all the world of its faith; and attempts to teach the principles and practices of the Church to all who will listen.

This teaching motive in the Church makes it desirable that all members of the Church become acquainted with the best methods of conveying information to others. In this book Dr. Driggs has set forth by direct statement and well-chosen example, in astonishing simplicity, the principles of good teaching. It is an unusually useful guide to good teaching, well written, often beautiful in statement, and within the understanding of the rank and file of the people who are not professional teachers. All who endeavor to teach would do well to possess and to read this book and to practice its precepts.—J. A. W.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TEACHING

(Asahel D. Woodruff. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 180 pages. \$1.75.)

Too often in learning how to teach, psychology has been in the clouds, far above the reach of students. Here it is brought down to the solid ground, on which the student walks. It is a rare and praiseworthy attempt in sixteen simple, clearly stated chapters, to make the important and sound offerings of psychology practical for all who may engage in teaching. It is also a rebuke to the present academic fashion to present every freshman subject as if all the listeners were prospective doctors of philosophy. Only by simple steps do we rise to the heights of learning. The book, while short, is brimful of helpful facts and suggestions. Every teacher should read this book; and it would be read profitably by intelligent parents.—J. A. W.

WORLD RELIGIONS IN THE

LIGHT OF MORMONISM

(Dr. Thomas C. Romney. Zion's Publishing Company, Independence, Missouri. 1946. 427 pages. \$2.00.)

IN this scholarly book, important religious concepts have been selected from the various religions of the world and compared with similar concepts contained in the accepted literature of the Latter-day Saints. This brings out in clear light the fact of the apostasy, and the truth of the restored gospel. Such a book, eminently faith promoting, has long been desired by students and

teachers of the gospel, whether at home or in the mission field. The book is the fruit of years of research, study, and teaching in the fields of history and comparative religions, by a trained historian who is also a faithful Latter-day Saint. It is thoroughly reliable in its statements. As a member of the faculty of Brigham Young University, director of an L. D. S. Institute of Religion, a mission president, and a visitor to the far places of the earth, the author has gained a rich experience which is apparent in the choice of material, manner of presentation, and final conclusions. In this day of many man-made philosophies of life and false doctrines, this book is needed and welcomed.—J. A. W.

UTAH INDIAN STORIES

(Dr. Milton R. Hunter, compiler and publisher. 1946. 282 pages. \$2.25.)

INTERESTING history, exciting adventure, and thrilling escapes will hold the reader of this volume, young or old. It pictures Indian modes of living and the effect of the coming of the white man upon the simple primitive culture of the Indians. Then it reviews through skillfully selected stories, many of them breath-taking, the Indian problems of the pioneer settlers of Utah and the intermountain West. Widely scattered material has been brought together, here, under one cover, for our enjoyment. Numerous half-tone pictures and line drawings accompany the text. The volume is a fitting contribution to the coming celebration of Utah's centennial; but it is more; it is a book that will be read and enjoyed through the coming years by the Boy Scout and his grandfather and by the Bee Hive girl and her grandmother, and by all the age groups between.—J. A. W.

VINLAND THE GOOD

(Nevil Shute. William Morrow and Co., New York. 1946. 126 pages. \$2.50.)

ONE cannot help feeling that if history were taught more as this book is written, a large group would respond to it and come to understand more completely people, movements, and motives behind the actions and movements of people. The author poignantly sets forth the reasons for the migrations of Eric and Leif and the ultimate discovery of America by Leif.

Written for film production, the play ends with a real challenge: "People in history were not a different race from you and me. Your history books deal mostly with great people, the Kings and Princes and the Ministers of State. They're just the froth upon the surface; the Kings and Princes and the Ministers—they don't mean much. History is made by plain and simple people like ourselves, doing the best we can with each job as it comes along. Left went out to get timber to build cowhouses, and found America. That's how real people make real history. You may make history yourselves one day, any one of you, but you may never know you've done it. Leif didn't."—M. C. J.

THE LOWELLS AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS

(Ferris Greenslet. Houghton Mifflin and Company, Boston. 1946. 442 pages. \$4.00.)

COMPLETELY annotated, this biography of a family is of tremendous value because of the scholarliness of the undertaking as well as the interestingness with which the project has been completed. For those who are concerned in writing their own ancestral biographies, this should serve as an excellent model.

Not only do the Lowells come to life, but the age in which they lived also becomes vivid to the reader. In seven worlds in which

they moved is revealed through the good humor of the family and their keen wit and wisdom. The book creates the New England from the past to the present, as it affected the lives of this precocious and interesting family.—M. C. J.

FIDDLESTRINGS

(Edward R. Tuttle, Bookcraft Company, Salt Lake City. 1946. 100 pages. \$2.00.)

This collection of eighty-six poems will appeal to many because of the homey messages that are included in them. The common touch is evidenced in the poems as some of the titles will indicate: Acceptable Advice, Compensation, Nature's Lesson, Sacrifice, Stop Signs, Success, Thrift, The Winners. The commonness of the experiences will also call forth a ready response from those who read the book. The book also has some clever illustrations which will further enhance its appeal.—M. C. J.

BEYOND THIS DARKNESS

(Roger L. Shinn. A Haddam House Book. Association Press, New York. 1946. 56 pages. \$1.00.)

This book is a worthy venture—and doubly so when one understands the purpose behind its publication, for "Haddam House is a publishing project in the field of religious literature for youth. Its special concern is to deal with moral and religious questions and needs of young men and women."

This book is an answer to the question, "Why Christianity?" And it was worked out by a young man whose grim memories of combat in the Battle of the Bulge and subsequent imprisonment in a Nazi camp made him dig deep to find the answer. Quoting from John Buchanan, "the church is an anvil that has worn out many hammers," the author comes to a full realization that faith in God is the one thing that matters. He is a clear thinker, this author, and challenges constantly in the book.—M. C. J.

CONCHA'S MEXICAN KITCHEN COOK BOOK

(Catharine Ulmer Stoker. The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas. 244 pages. \$3.00.)

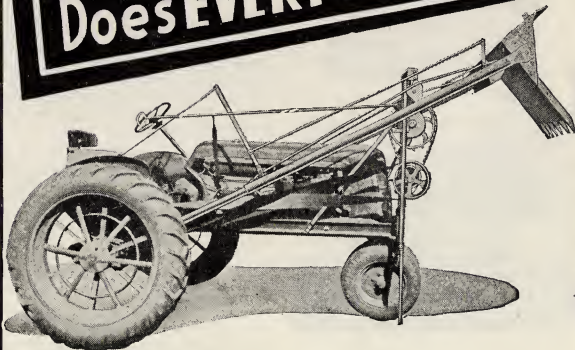
The author, fearing "lest these dishes be lost to the world in the same manner as have been lost to history many of Mexico's ancient archives and her Aztec language," has set down the recipes that she has tried out herself as given to her from the treasure of many of the oldest families in Mexico. But this is more than a cook book, important as that element is in this volume; it is an introduction to the customs and manners of one of our great neighboring countries. And the recipes are something to try—and try again, for that fascinating difference that whets a gourmet's appetite.—M. C. J.

BOY FROM NEBRASKA

The Story of Ben Kuroki
(Ralph G. Martin. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1946. 208 pages. \$2.50.)

This book treats the life of an American of Japanese descent and his service for his country—and his battling race prejudice. Serving in both the European and the Pacific theaters of war, Ben made an enviable record both for himself and for the country whose uniform he wore. Anyone reading the story of this young man will struggle to free himself from the last vestige of race prejudice—and will try to think in terms of individuals, in much the same way that he considers those Caucasians whom he meets.—M. C. J.

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THE WHEEL IN ANCIENT AMERICA

(Continued from page 785)

IN February 1946, the writer in company with J. Willard Marriott of the Washington, D.C., stake presidency, saw, in the *Museo Nacional de Mexico*, the important and recently discovered wheeled toy found at Tres Zapotes (near the Isthmus of Tehuantepec) in southern Mexico. This discovery, along with others recently made, has caused a complete reversal of opinion on the part of most of the experts on this significant question. In an excellent current discussion of the problem, it is said by one scholar:

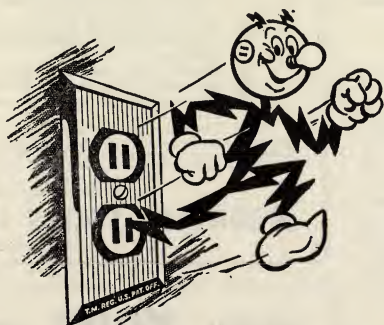
In my opinion, the evidence to be presented [in his article] indicates that the Indians of Mexico had some knowledge of the principle of the wheel in pre-Conquest times. This will come as a surprise to many, because the supposed absence of any knowledge of this principle in the New World has often been stressed in discussions concerning the origin of the American Indian and his cultures. (Gordon F. Ekholm, "Wheeled toys in Mexico," *American Antiquity*, April 1946, p. 222. See accompanying cut from the same article showing the toys discovered, including a reproduction of Désiré Charnay's drawing of his discovery of 1880.)

Pictures are also given in the *National Geographic Magazine*, September 1940, p. 314, of the wheeled toys found by Dr. Matthew. In a discussion "Did the Middle American Natives Know the Wheel," in *Cuadernos*

Americanos, 25, no. 1, pp. 193-207 (January - February 1946), Mexico City, a group of scholars discuss the problem and mention that there are at least six places where wheeled toys have been found. The group includes Alfonso Caso, Matthew W. Stirling, Samuel K. Lothrop, J. Eric S. Thompson, Jose Garcia Payón, and Gordon F. Ekholm. As Dr. Caso concludes:

... It appears that there are sufficient arguments to confirm that at least some Mexican Indians and perhaps also of Central America knew and used the wheel for little animals which may have had a special significance or used simply as toys. (Page 197.)

Proof having been supplied to establish the existence in ancient America of a knowledge of the principle of the wheel, the question arises as to why wheels were not in use by the natives at the time of the discovery of the New World in the fifteenth century. A possible explanation might be that since the ancient and highly advanced Maya, Toltec, and Olmec cultures had been destroyed several centuries previously, the wheel may have fallen to disuse simultaneously with roads, the refined religion of Itzamma, and other features of those cultures. It is well established that those ancients far excelled the more recent Aztec and that most of the more advanced aspects of Aztec culture were derived from the refined pred-



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The Wheel in Ancient America

ecessors in Middle America. It is also well understood that many refinements and skills of the ancients were lost and were not transmitted to the warring tribes making up the Aztec Confederation of Montezuma and the New Empire of the Maya. It is quite possible that in the long centuries between the golden eras of the Mayas, Toltecs, and Olmecs, and the conquest of Mexico, a knowledge of the wheel was lost.

These Times

(Concluded from page 773)

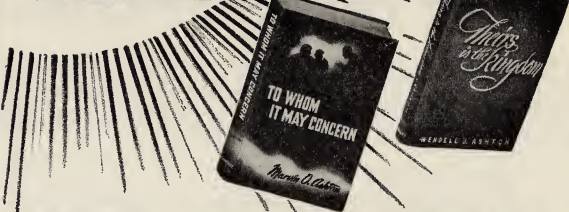
Earth," Marx and Engels prepared the original "Communist Manifesto" (1848) in Europe.

TODAY, after wars and revolutions, professed followers of Marx rule one sixth of the globe's land surface, maintaining their power by terror and force where needs be. By mild, voluntary water baptism, the followers of Joseph Smith have won about one-half of one percent of the numbers controlled by Communism.

THE facts, this Christmas of 1946, seem to indicate that it could be much easier for a conquering doctrine to sweep our world than it was for Christianity to emerge as the state religion of Rome. Will it be Marx or Christ? Communism is a state religion (sans God) in Russia, and more. Its adherents would like to see it become the dogma of the world. Under such a system, created by force, there can be no liberty.

WHAT era may yet unfold as we listen to the holy carol, "peace on earth"? The single doctrine upon which all men of good will can voluntarily unite is the doctrine pronounced above by Brigham Young. Coupled with Christian tolerance, lies the hope, too, that by our example, any intolerant bigots who would use freedom to enslave may some day learn the lesson of human freedom—respect for the rights of others to be different. Meantime, freedom must gird itself with physical, as well as moral might. Tolerance has to be strong to live with intolerance. Otherwise we may well anticipate holocaust instead of the carol.

WHAT can followers of Joseph Smith, Christian prophet, do to demonstrate that Christ's way is superior to the "party line"? The way to begin is to convince ourselves of the validity of the angels' message and not flinch from making that testimony live around our Christmas firesides.



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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Continued from page 808)

Berkeley Institute

CHURCH Commissioner of Education Franklin L. West has appointed George T. Boyd as director of the

Institute of Religion for students attending the University of California at Berkeley.

The director of this new institute is a native of Arizona, has filled a mission in both the Spanish-American Mis-

sion and in the California Mission. He now holds a master's degree and is working toward his doctorate at the University of California.

(Concluded on page 822)

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME OCTOBER 7, AND DEPARTING OCTOBER 17, 1946

Beginning left to right, first row: Nora D. Brown, Floretta Humphries, Iris Swensen, Leland V. Bangster, Marjorie Wood, Myrtle Brooksby, Dan B. Colton, director; Dora Wilma Petersen, Virginia Wright, Edna Lichfield, Myra Barlow, Annie Fay Larsen, Martha H. Biernat, Myrtle Smith.

Second row: Donald H. Tolman, Laura R. Merrill, Howard L. King, Samuel G. Blackham, Mary Lou Branson, Hanna E. Siebach, Edith Hatch, Jane H. Brinton, Janice Burt, Kathryn Wight, Lillian Somers, Elaine Farnsworth, Robert J. Thorley.

Third row: Lowell Sprague, Lowell Sprague, Edward Paul Palmer, Lucian Larsen Pratt, Paula Jensen, Velma Westover, Maxine McRae, Naida Crom, Helen Lew, Barbara Newotny, Darline Bandley, Golden I. Barlow, Walter V. Lowe.

Fourth row: Eberhard H. Berthold, Roy Smith, Glen E. Hanks, Robert B. Miller, Paul L. Allen, Kenneth A. Ratchner, Aryle Henric, Romana Pitzer, Eva M. Hansen, Beverly J. Spry, Betty Jean Holman, Rebecca

Ballard, Winifred Wilkinson, Avon Allen, Boyd Melvin Barker.

Fifth row: Robert O. Yowles, Almon J. Flake, Waldo R. Richardson, Laron D. Stephenson, Oren G. Goodwin, Richard A. Schmutz, Leo Syphus, Margaret Knaphus, Marion E. Anderson, Wesley E. Larsen, Irvil M. Bushman, Mary A. Hess, Kate H. Murdock, George C. Murdock.

Sixth row: Albert U. Andrew, William Christiansen, Richard J. Holterman, Robert D. Moyness, Jack D. Bench, Earl B. Vanfleet, Andrew C. Knaphus, George S. Barrus, Lester Kaye Holland, Delbert E. Lewis, Juanita Potter, Bernice Birch, Norma Critchfield.

Seventh row: Glen A. Roper, Scott Crabtree, Coridan Farr, Kenneth V. Twede, Donnell Resmussen, George H. Thompson, Ned James Bodily, Arlene Carlson, John W. Casperson, Clover G. Guyman, Vera Stevens, Pearl Cox.

Eighth row: Lorin Kenneth Wiser, Max Bagley, Glen M. Marcusen, Verl Green, C. K. Allen, Frank E. Fitts, George W. Paul, Jr., Joseph M. Viechweg, Luz Gene Curtis, Rona Jappon, Ralph S. Ferrin, Eldon Carbridge, Darr Harward.

Ninth row: Vahl W. Bodily, C. Duane Harrison, Ernest C. McKay, Joseph W. Hess, Victor J. Coy, John E. Chase, Andrew E. Kimball, Maynard M. Sorenson, Graham D. Hollingworth, Floyd K. Howell, C. Dwayne Ogzevallo, Calvin B. Fife.

Tenth row: Ralph H. Hadley, Alfred L. Nichols, Wendell L. Hansen, Don W. Driggs, J. Ralph Jones, Earl J. Remington, Lynn Boyd Brunson, Warren G. Hackett, Wallace N. Anderson, Harley D. Brodeson, Calvin R. McKinley, Kathryn Hockey, Glen R. Milner, Kenneth H. Beesley, Bryce Bateman, Oscar W. McCoskie.

Eleventh row: Burton W. Robinson, J. Keith Albrecht, Per Victor Vikland, Stephen S. Stanford, Paul E. Nelson, Robert B. Nixon, Walter A. Harris, Reed B. Thompson, Wallace G. Bennett, Robert F. Barnes.

Twelfth row: Orville M. Peterson, J. Dale Smith, Edwin D. Vest, Edward J. Baumgarten, Rex H. Petersen, Newell H. Erickson, Samuel R. Fowler, Willford Wendell Anderson, Robert G. Bennion.

Thirteenth row: Ross B. Taylor, Grant M. Reeder, Vern Thacker, Darwin C. Christensen, Al Dean Washburn, Conrad Werner Featherstone, Dwight Percy Farnsworth.



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME SEPTEMBER 23, AND DEPARTING OCTOBER 2, 1946

Reading from left to right, first row: Eva Ranssch, John Sidney Morris, Beverly Beale, Elizabeth Jones, Dan B. Colton, director; Philip W. Merkle, Arvo Lucile May, Glenna Tate, Laurene Muir, Lillian Lundell, Pauline Lanyon.

Second row: Dorothy Tanner, Barbara Parkin, Amy May Hughes, Valoy Harris, Ada O. Clad, Catherine Neerings, Genevieve Hickenlooper, Daniel R. Przybylo, Mary O. Tuckett, Ruth L. Patterson.

Third row: Thelma Larsen, Thoras E. Gould, June LaRue Sessions, Margaret Grace G. Nuttall, D. V. Mower, Colleen Lenore Hansen, Onita Eva Bendisen, Helen Musser, Reed W. Richards, James C. Clawson.

Fourth row: Lene F. Andersen, Betty Young, Leora Ashcroft, Delia Harris Asay, Bernice Spears, Lloyd Yeates Clawson, Douglas R. Jackson, Hattie Irene Nichols, James Day, Dennis Bradshaw.

Fifth row: Garth S. Gayley, Axel F. Andreasson, W. B. Wright, Mary D. Wright, Edna P. Wallgramm, Rudolph H. Wallgramm, La Rea Lunt, Horlene Larsen, Kenneth E. Jensen, Ruel R. Ashcroft, John Harmon Thompson.

Sixth row: Alan Dale Fry, Marian Kahler, Charlene Peterson, Martha B. Leathan, Ray G. Anderson, Jerry D. Reaux, Earl A. Jenne, Elaine Stringham, Richard L. Cope, Kenneth G. Parsons, Willard L. Lindsay, Henry R. Siebach.

Seventh row: Ivy Wagstaff, Virginia Chapman, Mary White, James C. Briscoe, R. Wayne Lambert, Phillip Schmidt, Jr., Gale F. Hammond, Vay Allison, Quentin G. Klinger, Kay E. Freeman.

Eighth row: Briant E. Hawkins, William Davis, Patricia Pike, Lowrance Leavitt, Norval G. Turner, Norman E. Ray, Edward R. Larsen, Fava Rigby, Jr., Clarence G. Judy, Reed S. Udall, Garth O. Magnusson, Jack Ord.

Ninth row: N. Preston Olsen, Arlin L. Mechem, Bob Ord, Arthur Marin, Darrell T. Martin, Richard

Lee Morrison, Jesse N. Benson, Kay Anderson, Norman E. Wright, Rulon Egelund, Lyman Stewart Stone, Myriel J. Stone.

Tenth row: Calvin G. Clyde, Marjorie Winn, Elaine Taylor, Wynona Mechem, Helen Bodine, Adele Van Dyke, Ivan R. Hansen, L. Grant Shields, Richard Lloyd Anderson, Douglas H. Parker, Lynne B. Johnston.

Eleventh row: Clair G. Anderson, Robert Earl Murphy, Marvin J. Mortensen, Lester C. Briggs, Bryce B. Orton, Gene Shumway, Hyde S. Jacobs, Dan L. Robinson, Calvin C. Cook, Allen F. Price, Ila Briggs.

Twelfth row: Rex B. Kinley, Wesley G. Etchell, James D. Criddle, Clarence V. Huist, Harman C. Steed, Garth Brathwaite, Melvin J. Kmetzsch, Maurice F. Blau, Lionel L. Drage, Soren F. Cox.

Thirteenth row: R. G. Vincent, Melvin G. Criddle, Leon Parkinson, Woodruff D. Rust, Kenneth D. Wright, Larry Wilcox, Verl W. Cook, H. Taylor Beisinger.

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THE CHURCH MOVES ON (Concluded from page 820)



MISSIONARIES WHO ENTERED THE MISSIONARY HOME SEPTEMBER 9, AND DEPARTED SEPTEMBER 19, 1946

Reading from left to right, first row: Norma Burton, Jane Kimball, Amy Brandt, Hazel Keillor, Ruth Robertson, Ivan K. Brudner, Katherine Ziegler, Genevieve Mary Allen, Don B. Colton, director; Kenneth L. Barrick, Chariton R. Jacobs, Eva Combs, Lenard B. Allen, Leroy Noble, Cyril Whittcott, Albert Clarence Crandell, Lon W. Rigby, Harriet Y. Woodard, Dorothy M. Tracy.

Second row: Marjorie Smith, Ida Hart, Elsie Schloer, Julia Carver, Maurine Lawrence, Reva Baird, Myrtle Hardee, Shirley Dee Hansen, Elwyn R. Stoddard, Dona Anderson, Cecile Romney, Malba Sutherland, George J. Walser, Betty J. Cluff, Elmira K. Galloway, Madelyn Olsen, Hazel Harris.

Third row: Charles Bythway, Donald Edvalson, Robert C. Eyring, Blaine E. Olson, Keith B. Schofield, Dale S. Bailey, Charles E. Parkin, Martin J. Isaksen, Vernon L. Greenland, George Ray Clawson, Carol Ogden, Oliver Glen Schow, Valoy Hanney, Marinette Mellos, Mae Andersen, Flora A. Miles, John Schwendimann.

Fourth row: Edith M. Mullinger, Emma Jane Schoenfeld, Hannah Baker, Norman Carl Ahern, Jr., A. Cornell Green, Ernest LeRoy Carroll, Jr., Max Liljenquist, Garth C. Alfred, Merrill S. Budge, Yvelon

R. Hodgson, Keith C. Poulsen, Regina C. Wade, Yvonne Green, Kenneth Arthur Jarvis, John W. T. Haynes, Sterling Nicolaysen.

Fifth row: Gwen Clegg, Marjorie Tate, Victor D. Nelson, Vida O. Nelson, Conrad J. Z. Hansen, Richard Mondrans, Nellie Mondrans, LeGrande Mondrans, Richard L. Castleton, Joseph R. Smith, John R. Bybee, Guy L. Merkley, Deane H. Platt, Ross V. Burnside, John R. Parker, Calvin H. Evans, Chester Hill.

Sixth row: Hannah B. Manson, Betty Mitchell, Genevieve Clayton, John A. Johnson, Augusta Johnson, Peter T. Hart, Franklin Ross Jensen, L. Stephen Richards, Jr., George P. Marchant, Conrad P. Flake, Elwin F. Cammack, Donald W. Adling, Conrad W. Bolter, Maurice John Moulton, David G. Berbert.

Seventh row: Gertrude Nelson, Maxine Lund, Annera Galbraith, Neva Wright, Ruth Rockwood, Keith R. Walker, Robert Callister, Lucetta Hart, Gordon H. Flammer, Franklin N. Davis, A. Elmo Jyers, Rollo W. Bickley, Dean S. Farnsworth, Maryann S. Bennion, Calvin D. Whittcott, Kenneth B. Dono.

Eighth row: Benjamin F. Mortensen, R. Wendell White, Robert L. Anderlin, Morris D. Young, James H. Wells, Kenneth M. Flake, Francis C. Stoddard,

Harold R. Germaine, Daren C. Young, Thomas F. Howells, Connell B. Roberts, Harvey Mella, J. Dale Bown, Robert A. Pearson, Joseph A. Fitzpatrick, Robert W. Wood, Austin Barney, John T. Ely, Carol B. Lichty.

Ninth row: Rex L. Christensen, Kenneth W. Burnett, Lysle C. Tuckfield, Norman L. Dunn, Frank B. Salisbury, Don H. Jenkins, Richard Folkerson, Lorin N. Pace.

Tenth row: Dwight R. Dixon, Joe C. Roestenburg, J. Ellsworth Brown, Arnold E. Maas, Reed A. Watkins, John Ray Wall, Richard R. Clark, Richard G. Ellsworth, Donald R. Hall, Hollis D. Smith, Ordith W. Bourgeois.

Eleventh row: David Egbert, Floyd Keith Hawkins, Roy Montierth, Kenneth H. Barker, Aelcidan M. Barker, David R. Kezerian, Gale B. Sessions, Harold P. Clawson, Richard I. Ricks, Junius C. Ruesch.

Twelfth row: Lester D. Haymore, Jay D. Hansen, Vern L. Chapman, Floyd J. Herlin, Theodore Perry.

Thirteenth row: John Sidney Creager, George Elroy Jones, Lionel L. Myers, James O. Jensen, Mrs. Roeline S. Jensen, Mrs. Eliza Jane Smith, Elmer W. Smith, Samuel Smith, F. Dean Berry, Clarence R. Campbell, Oscar W. Walsh, Wilford M. Finck.

SARAH LOADER HOLMAN

(Continued from page 790)

for the entire Loader family. The deep snow made travel extremely slow, so it was an act of Providence when a man with a wagon came along and took the young Jacques couple and the new baby on with him. The four younger girls and their sick mother had to take care of themselves from this point on. The main company followed up the Sweetwater River in Wyoming, and the cold continued. During the last nine days that there was any food, they had one-fourth pound of flour each, daily—their only nourishment—then all was gone. That night eighteen people died, and they had to build a fire to soften the frozen ground in order to dig graves deep enough in which to bury the bodies.

The company pushed on at a snail's pace for three days more. Word had come that wagons of food were on the way from Salt Lake City, where information had previously arrived of their plight. At Martin's Hollow, named after the leader of the company, they gave up trying to go on. The Loader tent had been soaked in the river while crossing, so the four children had to hold it up by four corners while the mother tried to drive pegs into the frozen ground. Finally they gave up, but the tent had frozen partly into

shape, and they were able to make their beds inside.

Toward evening a man staggered up to their tent to see how they were, and fell headlong to the ground. They dragged him inside and wrapped him as best they could, and then crawled into their own beds to await death. To a girl twelve, this was a horrible thought, but it seemed inevitable. During the night the man died, and the next morning hardly enough strong men remained to dig the usual shallow grave. During the day Mother Loader tore some rawhide from the framework of the cart and boiled it, and gave the hot water to her children to drink; then she urged them to get up. But, too cold, the two older girls refused, when in a desperate effort to rouse them, the mother started to dance a jig; she slipped and fell, and rolled on them. This made the smaller girls laugh, and soon they got up. With a little more urging the other girls also arose.

ONE man from the company volunteered to climb to the top of the next hill to see if he could see the rescue wagons coming. When he returned, the despair on his face answered the one question on every lip. Toward evening he felt strong enough to try it again. Upon reaching the

summit, he began to wave his arms and shout that help was at hand. All who were able came out of their tents and started out to meet the drivers. Men fell on each other, kissed and shouted for joy. Women and children cried. This was indeed a resurrection. Soon frozen loaves of bread were tossed out to the starving pioneers, and in the terms of Sarah Loader, "Nothing ever tasted so good before or since."

With the food came hope, and the next morning they loaded the sick and the weakest into the wagons, and continued westward. The four children, still pulling their handcart with their few belongings, trudged behind. The mother was now riding in a wagon. Each day they would meet more help, and just before reaching Salt Lake City, the children were picked up. They abandoned the handcart which had carried all their earthly possessions for over a thousand miles across the pioneer trail, and rode into the valley in comparative comfort, where they arrived the last of November.

Perhaps Ezra Meeker was right when he said of the pioneers, "The weak died, and the cowards turned back." Out of the six hundred and twenty, death had taken almost one-third of the company in the last month of the trip.

(Concluded on page 824)



SEE "Harvester Farm"

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Chicago 37, Ill.,
for illustrated
booklet describing
"Harvester Farm"



THAT COMPLETELY MODERN, mechanized farm you've always wanted to inspect at close range is now on year-round view in Chicago...indoors, where the summer sun shines every day! It's "Harvester Farm," constructed by International Harvester as a permanent exhibit of the Museum of Science and Industry.

There's inspiration for farm wives inside the charming Colonial farmhouse. Designed from the expressed preferences of farm families throughout the country, this house has a neat, efficient kitchen with every modern convenience, including the latest type of home refrigeration.

At the end of the walk is the big white barn that houses the five most productive breeds of dairy cattle. In the spic-and-span milk house every milk-handling operation is done with sanitary, labor-saving equipment. Other farm buildings—workshop, brooder house, forge, etc.—are found on "Harvester Farm" just the way you'd like them on your place.

These are only the high points of this exhibit, in which the farm fields seem to stretch to the far horizon. Plan to see it—57th Street, Jackson Park—when visiting Chicago.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

SARAH LOADER HOLMAN

(Concluded from page 822)

Sarah Loader's hardships were not over yet, for the family had to separate and each work for a living. Later she went with a married sister and family to Snake River valley in Idaho, where she was soon married and built what was said to be the first house in the state to have a wooden roof.

When asked if they suffered much in pioneering the new state, she said, "Oh, some were poor, and some were rich."

"Whom did you consider as being

rich?" she was asked, and she replied, "Anyone who could eat all the bread he wanted each day was considered rich."

On the night in February when I heard her story, Sarah Loader Holman was living in a substantial, comfortable home. Within a few miles were her nine children, sixty-eight grandchildren, and ninety-five great-grandchildren, all of whom are respected citizens. Surely her dream when a little girl of twelve had come true—love, security, and peace enveloped her.

THE STAFF OF LIFE

(Concluded from page 784)

our health all to this. We can point with pride to our educational statistics; we may quote our health statistics; we may name numerous athletes. But this is not enough.

THE "Mormon" people have made an enviable record because they have abstained from liquor and tobacco. What might we be if we kept the whole Word of Wisdom! Factors that help us obey the sections of the revelation about liquor and tobacco are the immediate bodily effects as well as the stench, to say nothing of the expense and slavery. Eating in accordance with the advice about food is so simple, and all that happens is that we feel normal and well. If every time we didn't eat enough grain during the day to equal "the staff of life" and ate insufficient amounts of "wholesome herbs" which the Lord says he "hath ordained for the constitution, nature and use of man," and "the fruit of the vine, that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground," we had immediate noticeable effects, perhaps we could keep these sections of the law more easily.

I have been rebellious when I have become ill and blamed the Lord because I "kept the Word of Wisdom" since I did not smoke or drink. Now I know better. It will be hard for me to live above years and years of careless eating habits, but I am hoping because I am now learning to obey this law to the fullest possible extent, that I will live to fill the measure of my creation; that when my time comes the Lord can call me home quietly—not have to rescue me from some pain-filled death that makes us acutely aware of the fact that death is a blessing.

The Lord says, this revelation is

... the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days—Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints. (D. & C. 89: 2, 3.)

Mills produce only two percent whole wheat flour. In other words ninety-eight percent of the population deprives itself of full flavor, vitamins, and minerals. We have been so commercialized and so affected by advertising that we have been lulled into using what the crowd does. At breakfast, the important item should be a bowl of whole grain cereal instead of the devitalized "stuff" served in most homes. Even the foods that are said to be "enriched" contain but a small percentage of the precious elements removed in preparation for the market. At noon the important item could be whole wheat bread for sandwiches. Whole wheat toast is excellent nibbling. Dinner should stress vegetables. When fruit is in season, it can be fifty percent of a meal or more, especially during the summer. A quarter of a watermelon, a cantaloup, large bowls of peaches or berries served with whole wheat bread and butter make the best possible dessert.

Our values have become twisted. We think little of paying two dollars for a roast but we complain about paying three dollars a bushel for peaches, or four dollars a hundred pounds for potatoes, etc. If we are to keep the Word of Wisdom and obtain the promised blessings we must buy wisely, cook carefully, and eat objectively and enjoyably all the different foods provided by a wise Heavenly Parent for our use.

ACCOMPLISHMENT should always be the result when energy is expended. Yet, like a dizzily spinning top, many businesses go round in the preparation of advertising and get nowhere. Month after month, the same thing happens again and again and nothing is accomplished but the expenditure of dollars that could be made to produce results. The function of a printing organization today is to help clients to plan printing that builds sales—to take copy and dramatize it, make it so irresistibly attractive that it must naturally draw the reader's attention. The waste of which we speak is often due to lack of understanding. Realization of this has made us sales minded. Your selling problem is our problem, and our experience puts us in a position to print your sales story so that it will get results.

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Miner Mike SAYS

"Recently the Newmont Mining Company, one of the nation's largest mining companies, announced its intention of developing certain mineral ground in Utah. We should encourage more outside capital to take a hand in development of our resources. For each dollar of ore produced, 90c stays in Utah."



METAL MINING INDUSTRY
OF UTAH

The Menace of Moderation

(Continued from page 783)

FIRST DRINKS DECISIVE

As reported in *The Christian Century* several years ago, laboratory tests conducted by the Chicago Motor Club proved conclusively that it is the drinks the drivers do not feel which are the most harmful. In experiments, two experienced and responsible drivers were subjected to tests before and after drinking two mint juleps. Neither manifested any sign of intoxication. Acuteness of vision, reaction time, hand-eye coordination, and judgment of distance and speed were measured under conditions closely resembling those of actual driving. As a consequence of two small drinks—very moderate indulgence—one man's score for efficiency was reduced by thirty-one percent and the other's by thirty-nine percent. This was a sufficient reduction in each case to cause tragic accidents. Because it makes a person both incompetent and irresponsible, moderate drinking is the greatest menace to life and limb on the highways of the nation.

Dr. Haven Emerson writes:

Alcohol should never be used at any time by persons carrying responsibility for the safety or life of others, or by those who are likely at any time to be called upon unexpectedly for maximum exertion, skill, or judgment. Such persons as locomotive engineers, sea captains, airplane pilots, chauffeurs, firemen, policemen, physicians, nurses, lifeguards, and others similarly related to their fellows should avoid alcohol in all forms.

That is a judicious statement by an eminent member of the medical profession.

ALCOHOL AND VICE

Second, it is an established fact that moderate drinking contributes to immorality. It is a principal cause of sexual promiscuity. As an aid in the seduction of innocent girls, it has a record both notorious and shameful. Medical authorities seem to disagree as to whether or not alcohol has aphrodisiac qualities. But there can be absolutely no room for doubt that alcohol desensitizes conscience, lowers normal inhibitions, and diminishes the critical faculty. It therefore contributes directly to sexual irresponsibility and immoral indulgence. Under the influence of alcohol in moderate amounts, people yield to sexual temptations to which they would not succumb if they practised total abstinence. An outstanding au-

(Concluded on page 826)

1901 THROUGH WAR AND PEACE, PROSPERITY AND DEPRESSION

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Bennett's-1946

DEALERS AND BRANCHES
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It's the AUTHORIZED King James Version



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THE MENACE OF MODERATION

(Concluded from page 825)

thority on public health, John W. Churchman, stated the case realistically when he wrote: "Alcohol is the best salesman and procurer known, and is a constant and essential stock in trade for the promotion of prostitution."

In addition to the corrupting influence on character in this connection, alcohol has ruinous consequences for the family. Much marital infidelity in sex relations is attributable directly to the influence of moderate drinking. Much of the "cruelty," mental and physical, for which divorces are granted starts here. And much of the venereal disease which afflicts our nation in alarming proportions is due to alcohol. A high percentage of the victims have been drinking when infected. In any community the incidence of syphilis can be closely correlated with the consumption of alcohol in so-called moderation.

Third, it is an established fact that moderate drinking is a principal cause of crime. The Federal Bureau of Investigation testifies to that. Since temperate indulgence in alcohol drugs the moral inhibitions, impairs reason and judgment, and reduces the sense of responsibility, it has been a notorious accomplice in homicides. The newspapers constantly publish reports of

violence resulting from brawls in "beer joints." A visit to the police court of any city will provide a convincing demonstration of the potency of moderate drinking in producing lawlessness. With a few "social" drinks under the belt, many men become mean, quarrelsome, and belligerent. A large number of the murders that are committed in this nation annually are attributable to the brutalizing influence of moderate drinking upon certain types of personality.

ALCOHOLICS ONCE MODERATE DRINKERS

FOURTH, it is an established fact that moderate drinking is likely to lead to chronic and acute alcoholism. While relatively few moderate drinkers become addicts, practically all addicts were at one time moderate drinkers, who by the habitual use of the drug developed such a dependence upon it that they were unable to stop using it. They are the "some men"—the 750,000 chronic alcoholics and the 3,000,000 "excessive" drinkers—who Seagram's concedes should not drink. Some people are so constituted physically, mentally, and emotionally that alcohol for them is irresistible. As a result moderate indulgence has proved the road to

ruin for literally millions. The confirmed addicts, than whom there are no more pitiful and depraved creatures on earth, certainly are an omnipresent reminder that moderate drinking is a constant menace. The only way to avert that menace is for each person to pursue a course of total abstinence.

Fifth, it is an established fact that moderate drinking has an exceedingly detrimental influence on spiritual development and religious achievement. After imbibing a few drinks some men become so coarse, profane, and even brutal that their conduct nullifies any pretensions to religion they might have made while sober. Because it drugs the higher spiritual faculties, moderate drinking renders a person progressively incapable of elevated religious experience. The habitual drinker gradually paralyzes his spiritual appetites and aspirations. Religious devotion, hard to maintain under any circumstances, is further handicapped. The moderate drinker never develops the spirit of consecration, the moral influence, or the Christian leadership which he might have attained had he practised total abstinence.

Moderate drinking is a menace. Let us recognize it as such and act accordingly.

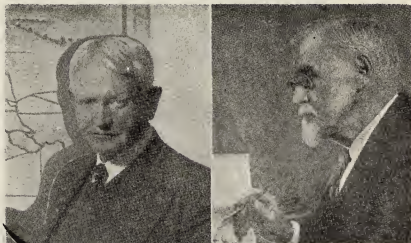
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Illustrated by
William H. Jackson

THE AUTHOR: As a boy in Utah, Howard R. Driggs picked up his first pioneer lore from real pioneers—his parents, relatives and friends. Years of scholastic and literary accomplishment passed until today Dr. Driggs, one of the most distinguished of native Utah savants, is a recognized authority on pioneer history and the winning of the West, and is one of the fathers of the American Pioneer Trails Association.



THE ARTIST: Civil war veteran, ox-teamster to Utah, mule-skinner to Los Angeles, vaquero driving mustangs to Omaha; an outstanding pioneer photographer; water-colorist of the first rank, in his late eighties William H. Jackson realized his greatest dream—to paint the scenes he'd known and loved all his life. He worked until his hundredth year, honored as one of America's great artists.

WE HAVE THE COMPLETE REMAINING STOCK of the COLLECTORS AND PIONEER EDITIONS of this very beautiful book. It's a fast-moving dramatic narrative—a thrilling story of our American heritage . . . events and persons who made us a great nation. We are offering it for ONLY \$5.00 . . . a real bargain for a book cherished by everyone who owns it. Our stock cannot last long, so—send us your order today.

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Salt Lake City 10, Utah

Enclosed is \$..... Send me copies of "Westward America" at \$5.00 each.

Name..... Address.....

Joseph Smith

(Continued from page 782)

And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom: yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom: seek learning, even by study and also by faith. (D. & C. 88:118.)

It is a beautiful concept, for good books on history, and fine literary writings give us the great discoverers and interpreters of life. They take us into an intellectual world and lend themselves to our uses and give themselves joyfully to our companionship. When we study the history of the early-day missionaries of the Church, we find them men of books. Beginning with the Prophet Joseph Smith himself, we find him again saying:

And set in order the churches, and study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people. (D. & C. 90:15.)

In the prayer offered at the dedication of the temple at Kirtland, Ohio, March 27, 1836, are these words:

And do thou grant, Holy Father, that all those who shall worship in this house may be taught words of wisdom out of the best books, and that they may seek learning even by study, and also by faith, as thou hast said. (D. & C. 109:14.)

His concept of government was clearly expressed from time to time, and he exemplified what the Italian historian Ferrero calls,

The doctrine which sets forth that the supreme end of a state is neither riches nor power, but virtue. Government within the soul of man—

every man acting right because it is right. Government is the loyalty of each man's heart to the voice of God. Superb are the words of the Prophet when he says:

And now, verily I say unto you concerning the laws of the land, it is my will that my people should observe to do all things whatsoever I command them.

And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me. (D. & C. 98:4, 5.)

Herein one finds the American doctrine of liberty, which had been predicted by the poet Milton ages before, when he said: "God is decreeing to begin some new and great period." In their golden maturity of wisdom and strength, with a pro-

(Concluded on page 828)



An Ideal Holiday Gift

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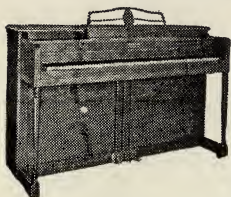
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Menu **BRIGHT** spot!



TEA GARDEN also makes
SYRUP • JELLY • MARMALADE
GRAPE JUICE

JOSEPH SMITH

(Concluded from page 827)

found faith in principle which no body of men ever rivaled, and which many of their sons have not comprehended, our fathers began with God and human nature, founded this government on truths which they declared to be self-evident and divine. With grandeur of concept, Joseph Smith acclaims:

We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man; and that he holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering them, for the good and safety of society.

We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life. (D. & C. 134:1, 2.)

THE American doctrine finds liberty in the natural equality of men. The conspiracy of today which is growing in the world, and in our own America, is a conspiracy against liberty because it is a denial of equality. The equality which underlines our doctrine of liberty is an equality of right. Life and liberty are common to all men. Just laws grow out of just and righteous living, which is contained in the teachings of Christ our Lord. George William Curtis declared in an address in 1862:

Let it never be forgotten that the rights for which America has contended are the rights of human nature.

Our fathers, their lips glowing with the words of a faith that shames us today, called God to witness, and told us not to forget. Today we have forgotten, and God is calling us to judgment. If we could know again the meaning of "American government" as the founders conceived it, there could be no communism in this country—no evil and barbarous movement which if we do not watch and overcome, it will destroy the work of such men as Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Lincoln. Understanding that truth is almighty, the priesthood of God must become its interpreter and defender. God grant that we may have faith in truth, for

. . . we have obtained a land of promise, a land which is choice above all other lands; a land which the Lord God hath covenanted with me should be a land for the inheritance of my seed. (II Nephi 1:5.)

Joseph Smith is the most majestic figure of the modern age. He walked and talked with God and ushered in the new day which will bring the kingdom of God upon the earth. We must rededicate ourselves to the thought:

And now, remember the words of him who is the life and light of the world, your Redeemer, your Lord and your God. (D. & C. 10:70.)

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from page 779)

we may well be earnestly grateful for the goodness of the Lord to us, and we may well show our gratitude by honoring him and keeping his commandments.

Let us not put away from us the things of God. Let us retain in our homes the influence of prayer and of thanksgiving, and let gratitude rise to him who is the Author of our being and the Giver of all good. Let us appreciate all these blessings, yes, but not forget the Giver. Let him know by the conduct of our lives that we appreciate him and all that we enjoy.

This is the Church of Jesus Christ. It was he who called Joseph Smith to be a prophet, and sent his disciples

to confer upon the Prophet Joseph the authority of the priesthood and directed him how the Church should be organized. This is God's work, and this is the plan he has established to prepare us for eternal life in the eternal companionship of those we love. I bear this witness to you in love and in kindness and with an earnest desire that we may have joy in righteousness, and all find our place in the kingdom of our Father.

May the Lord help us to appreciate our blessings and give evidence of it by our conduct in life, and in the end receive, at the hands of the Master and through his voice, that welcome home: "Well done," I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

PRESIDENT SMITH AS SALESMAN

(Continued from page 781)
pected a letter but was disappointed very much at not getting one.

Yes, he evidently looked for a letter from Lucy while at Nephi, but it was not in the post office, and he was disappointed.

Next morning the salesmen were off to the south again.

Left Nephi for Juab at four twenty-five a.m. Got there in time for breakfast. Sold Levan Co-op. Saw Father there. Had a breakdown and had to stop and repair it. Left Juab about three o'clock for Scipio, the wind blowing a gale, dust flying, and the weather sultry. Met a number of men from Sevier county and had a very pleasant time with them. Sevier River very high. Had to cross water to get to the bridge. Gathered a nice bouquet of flowers on the hills. Spent the evening at the hotel playing guitar accompaniment to Jim's flute.

May 28. Very pleasant day. Sold two nice bills. Drove from Scipio to Holden. Met Maynes there. Jim feels very good at seeing somebody from home. The drive was quite a hard one—downhill and no brake. Beer was drunk this evening, but I refused. Held a concert in the parlor, Maynes singing, Jim singing and flute. I played guitar and harmonica. Bed hard—room small.

The above comment about not drinking beer when it was served at the hotel is significant. President

Smith holds his high position in the Church today on account of his scrupulous observance of the gospel principles from his youth until the present time.

The next stopping place was Fillmore.

May 29. Sold one bill at Holden. Left for Fillmore at five o'clock p.m. Met another traveling man I am acquainted with (er ist Deutsch). The bridge is reported gone at Juab crossing. I don't think it is probable. The river has been swelled by the bursting of the Gunnison reservoir. Saw a large flock of quail today. Gave exhibition of club swinging at the hotel.

THE entries of the next few days are filled with human interest. I shall copy them exactly as they were written in the diary.

May 30. Had all the strawberries I wanted for the first time this year. Sold two bills of goods. Had a pleasant chat with E. Olsen. Was pressed to go to a dance but stayed at the hotel while Jim went. Had wagon repaired. Dislike the thoughts of leaving this nice comfortable place in the morning.

The next two days were spent at Meadow where the salesmen enjoyed themselves with their friends.

(Continued on page 830)



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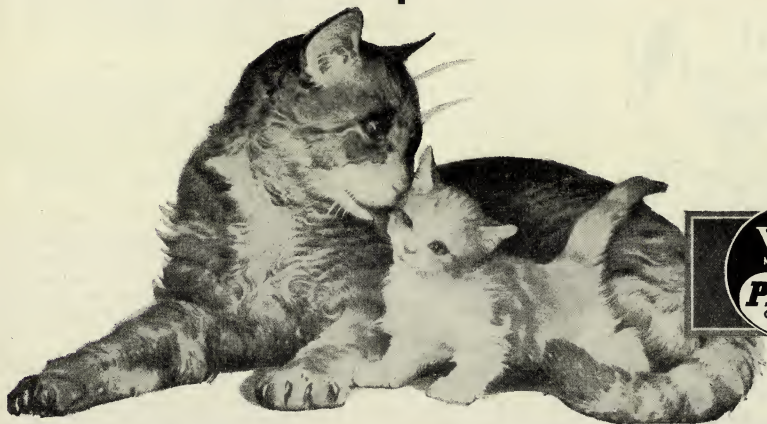
Throughout four mountain states the KOLOB seal is the sign of friendly and competent insurance service. One of our more than 300 agents is a fellow townsman of yours... make his acquaintance today in the interest of wise insurance planning and protection that really pays.

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Your engine needs a clean-up, too



Utah Oil Refining Company

PRESIDENT SMITH AS SALESMAN

(Continued from page 829)

May 31. Left Fillmore about nine o'clock for Meadow. Was received very warmly by Brother Greenhalgh. Sold him a bill of goods. Met Sister Bennett; was invited to

come and see them. In the evening quite a crowd of people assembled in the parlor of Bro. G.'s house to hear James and myself play. We made quite a favorable impression. They kept us playing until nearly twelve o'clock.

June 1. Went to Sunday School. School called to order promptly at 10:47. [This is an example of the rich humor which has always been native with President George Albert Smith.] Went to afternoon meeting. Was called on to speak. Visited Brother Bennett after meeting. Received very kindly by all the folks in Meadow. I found that I am related to them all. Wrote to Lucy.

June 2. Left Meadow for Kanosh about nine o'clock. Sold one bill. Left Kanosh for Milford at six thirty p.m., the wind blowing a gale. Saw a red fox. Arrived at the Antelope Spring one hour after midnight. Found Owen and Harry there. Woke them up and had a chat with them. Saw a little boy who was burned with powder. We left the Spring at five o'clock for Milford. It was very cold. James felt the cold very much. Had to go around the fields to get into town. Was caught in a hail storm. Received letter from A. H. Wooley. Begin to think that I am no good—the folks won't write me. Left Milford for Minersville; forded the Beaver River; the ford is a very good one. Received very kindly at Brother Baker's family. Spent the evening with music. Jim is in a terrible rush to get home. Weather quite cold; a fire quite comfortable. Made seventy-four miles in the twenty-four hours just past.

The journey continues, and the bills of goods are sold. Minersville was reached on the 4th, where "a nice bill was sold." Next day the team jogged on to Beaver, and here George Albert was made happy as he received four letters, possibly all from his beloved Lucy.

June 5. Leave Minersville at four thirty-five for Beaver. Morning very cold. I arrived just in time to see Father. He had already started. Visited Ft. Cameron. The Fort has been a beautiful place. Saw Tillie Barton. Invited to go to the canyons. Received four letters. Wrote to Lucy.

ON June 7th the travelers left Beaver, still journeying southward.

Left Beaver about five o'clock a.m. for Paragoonah. Air very cold. Met lot of Indians at the Antelope Spring. Passed through Paragoonah and went to Parowan. Brother Marsden is no more. Had to carry grain from Paragoonah for the trip.

The following day, June 8th, was Sunday, and the two salesmen attended both Sunday School and meeting in Parowan.

Went to Sunday School and meeting. I spoke in both places. Jim called from the congregation after refusing. Spent the

afternoon and evening at the hotel. Had a number of callers.

On Monday, June 9th, the trip was made from Parowan to Cedar, a distance of twenty miles.

Left Parowan at five twenty for Cedar. Roads terribly rough. Weather hot and dusty. Had a joke sprung on me about tri-weekly mail. Went to the telegraph office in the evening. Had a pleasant time at hotel. Sold three bills of goods.

The journey from Cedar to Harmony ranch was undertaken next day, June 10th.

Left Cedar for Kanara. Sold a bill there. Went to Harmony and got the go by. Left at dusk to go up Harmony Canyon. We had a hard time of it; tried to hire a team but failed. One horse gave out but the other one kept going. Got to the ranch of the bishop at ten o'clock and as dark as could be. Had to wake the folks up; they gave us some supper and made us a bed on the floor.

The salesmen were up and on their way bright and early next morning. On June 12th they reached Panaca, the end of their outgoing journey.

Left Terry's at daylight for Panaca with a hired team, mine in the stable resting. Drove to Sheep Springs and took lunch. The road is hill and hollow, all the way through groves of cedar trees. Jim is thoroughly disgusted. Says he will never come to Panaca again. Flies are bad. Very warm. Visited the plunge bath. Sold a bill of goods. Pleased to see Charles Ronnow. Left team at Terry's. Wrote to Lucy.

Next day the return journey began.

June 13. Left Panaca before daylight. Breakfasted at Sheep Springs. Dined at Terry's. Team in good shape. Camped on the Mountain Meadows. No hay; had to cut lucerne.

June 14. Left the Meadows at four thirty. Crossed the Santa Clara River, water rushing. Camped for noon in Diamond valley. Visited the volcano; hard looking place. Drove over the worst piece of rocky and sandy road on the trip. The sun seems to scorch the feet. It is simply terrible. Arrived at St. George in the afternoon.

QUARTERLY conference was being held in St. George, and the two salesmen attended the meetings.

Went to conference twice; had wine for sacrament first time in my life. Water not good here. Wrote to Mother, Lucy, and D. F. Had a feast of cherries. Girls here very good looking. Retired early.

There is a touch of humor here. The girls of St. George were very good looking, but George Albert retired early. He had his Lucy back home. The next day the journey northward was continued.

June 17. Left St. George at daylight, or

AS MAN EATS AND DRINKS

We believe that, in large measure, as a man eats and drinks, so is he. For food, nature has given us fruits of the sun and soil. These are priceless treasures, conducive to health of body and mind. Besides these, we need no stimulants.

You who agree, will be interested in a delicious drink that is made from grain and fruit. And this delightful, wholesome beverage contains no caffeine, other stimulants, or narcotics. FIGCO is known to millions of people who think sanely about food and drink. It is made of roasted barley and tree-ripened California figs. It is a boon to non-coffee drinkers who admittedly, and rightly, enjoy a wholesome hot drink with their meals. Wholesome FIGCO can be freely recommended as a healthful drink for the whole family.

LEONARD H. BALLIF, President
California Figo Company
Los Angeles, California



PRESIDENT SMITH AS SALESMAN

at five o'clock. Went to Washington. Sold one bill. Started for Leeds and met Brother Judd on the way. Sold him a nice bill on the desert. Sold Leeds Co-op. Got stung with a hornet. Went to Toquerville but got on the wrong road. Sold Toquerville Co-op. Had a feast of raspberries.

June 18. Left Toquerville about nine o'clock for Kanara. The road was very rough. Was quite ill when I got to Kanara; had to rest for about two hours and felt better. On the way to Cedar saw two coyotes. Shot at one but missed him. Spent the evening at the office in Cedar.

From Cedar the salesmen crossed over the mountain to Panguitch, a journey that occupied two days' time. They left Panguitch for Marysvale at noon on the 23rd.

Left Panguitch at 12:45 p.m. for the north. Drove slowly until daylight. Got breakfast at Circleville. Had brake repaired; broke it on our way over. Got stuck in the mud at Marysvale and broke the wagon tongue trying to get out. Had to put four horses on. Drove to a house for supper completely worn out.

On June 25th the travelers reached Richfield where George Albert sold

a bill of goods. Two days later they arrived at Manti.

June 28. Left Manti after selling a bill. Sold Ephraim Co-op. Sold Spring City Co-op. Went to Mt. Pleasant and camped on the street. Went to Nephi. Got there at one a.m. Sunday morning.

The last entry made during the journey was written at Nephi the following day, June 29th.

Slept until one o'clock. Went to meeting. Called on Uncle Jacob Bigler. Had some strawberries at J. B.'s.

* * *

The diary ends abruptly at this point. There is no further word as to when the two salesmen left Nephi, or how long it took them to reach home. One thing we do know, however, and that is that George Albert was anxious to be with his beloved Lucy; and Jim, who had been homesick all along, did not let any grass grow under the horses' feet on this last leg of the journey of the salesmen to join their families in Salt Lake City.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 801)

ordinances may be performed in a building properly dedicated, whether it has one or many towers, or has none.

It is really a glorious thought that the Church may meet any emergency, any new demand, any legitimate human aspiration by the use of everlasting gospel principles. It opens the door to individual as well as to Church progress; yet preserves the stability of the Church and its members. The experience of more than a century shows that by gospel truth every problem confronting humanity may be solved.

Some people allow themselves to be disturbed by new, often necessary, applications of gospel principles. By brooding upon their views, the spirit of apostasy may creep into their hearts. A little prayerful reflection will show that there has been no violation of basic law. In the steady growth and progress of the Church that is the one thing that needs to be watched.

The Church in its growth employs the unchanged principles underlying the gospel but applies them freely in meeting the needs of any time or place. In its essence the gospel is unchanging; in its applications it

is ever-changing to fit the needs of the day.—J. A. W.

cxii. Is the Word of Wisdom a Commandment?

THE revelation on the Word of Wisdom states: "To be sent greeting; not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days."

This message was to be carried to "... the council of high priests, assembled in Kirtland, and the church, and also the saints in Zion—" but not as a "commandment or restraint" by the bearers, but as a revelation from God, showing forth the "will of God."

The will of God is always a commandment to his faithful children.

Since the early days of the Church, the Word of Wisdom has been held with other commandments of the Lord, to be binding upon the Church. All Church leaders have so looked upon the Lord's law of health.

—J. A. W.

¹D. & C. 89:2
²ibid., 89:1



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Your Page and Ours



HAWAIIAN SAINTS CONVENT

Hawaiian Mission Holds Auxiliary Conventions

DUE to the curtailment of activities, restriction of travel, interruption of the supply service, the drafting of the young men into the armed forces and war industries, the auxiliaries in the Hawaiian Mission suffered during the war years, in spite of the fine work carried on by the loyal Saints under the direction of the mission president and a few missionaries.

To bring about a rejuvenation of activities in the priesthood, Relief Society, Sunday School, Mutual Improvement Association, Primary, and genealogy, a two-day convention was held on each of the four larger islands of the Hawaiian chain: Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, and Kauai.

The Mutual Improvement Association convention was held on Saturday evening, followed by an M.I.A. sponsored social. Model meetings were presented and the cultural arts introduced. All the plans and instructions presented were adapted to the island situation, yet aligned as closely as possible with the program set forth by the Church.

The conventions were recently completed under the direction of President and Sister Castle H. Murphy and the following supervisors of the various mission auxiliaries: Elder Max A. McBeth, Sunday School; Sister Gretta Croft, Y.W. M.I.A.; Elder Kenneth R. Garrett, Y.M.M.I.A.; Sister Patty S. Scott, Primary; Sister Piilani Needham, Relief Society; Sister Alta M. Hunter, mission secretary and music director.

Dear Editors:

I WAS very impressed with the story, "To Fit the Burden," by Olive Woolley Burt in the October issue of *The Improvement Era*. The people portrayed were so real. I only hope that everyone who reads the story will use the advice given in it.

As an army nurse, prior to entering the mission field, I worked with the blind at Dibble General Hospital; thus am very interested in the blind boys. . . .

There are a few Latter-day Saint boys who gave their sight for their country. One in particular I would like to mention: Hyrum Smith Shumway of Lovell, Wyoming. There isn't

a finer boy living than Smith Shumway. He has set an example for others to follow. At present he is a counselor in Blind Placement Center at Baltimore, Maryland. "Smithy," as we call him, has a wonderful testimony of the Church. He has a great desire to fulfil a mission for his Church. He has converted and baptized a friend, Robert C. Dodd. Mr. Dodd, an occupational therapist, was working with the blind at Dibble General Hospital where he and "Smithy" became very close friends. While a patient at Dibble General Hospital, Smith served in the presidency of the Latter-day Saint group at the hospital.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Adele Van Dyke
Northern States Mission

Static

"I'm terribly worried about my boss. He keeps talking to himself."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Mine does the same thing. Only he thinks that I'm listening."

Kill or Cure

"What do you do for insomnia?"

"I read detective stories."

"Does that put you to sleep?"

"No, but it makes me content to stay awake."

A Rose by Any Name

"When I got out of college, the dean told me that there was an opening in the world for me."

"And did you find it?"

"Yes, I'm in a hole right now."

No Hurry

"Hello, doctor," said the meek little man on the telephone, "I know you're busy, but if you're around this way, say a week from next Tuesday drop into see my wife. She's just dislocated her jaw and can't talk."



The entire graduating class of Honor Bees of Alpine Stake, American Fork, Utah. This group of girls had almost perfect attendance and one girl in particular, Zola Bennett, has a three-year perfect attendance record.—Photograph by V. B. Wootton.



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Wherever the Christmas story is told, there's a warming of the heart. In crowded town or country home there comes a moment for remembrance: the Star... the Shepherds... Wise men with their gifts; Mary... the Manger where the Christ Child lay.

May the echo of His Word ring in every heart; His Light be in each home. May Peace take root and grow, healing the scars of hate and enmity in all the world!



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